

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. IX.

APRIL, 1837.

No. 4.

## THE ABORIGINES OF NEW-ENGLAND.

### UNCAS, THE MOHEGAN.

'Who has not felt, while standing on the favorite spots, or wandering among the wild haunts, of the red man, mingled emotions of shame and sympathy, as he has reflected on his hapless fate? Who that has strolled over the green hills of New-England, so often trod by the free and untutored Indian, but has felt a thrill of melancholy emotion, as the scenes of former days have flitted across his mind? Whose imagination does not bound at the recital of the romantic heroism and the wild chivalry of the fathers of the wilderness? Alas! the fire-arms and fire-water of the pale-faces have accomplished each their deadly work! The songs of the hunter and the harvest resound no more in the Indian wigwam—no more the calumet of peace proclaims the quietude of a numerous people! Such were my reflections, as I stood, but the other day, by the grave of UNCAS, the chief of the Mohegans, the friend of the white man, and the conqueror of Miantinomah. It was impossible to resist this natural current of thought; and the reader shall judge whether the occasion was altogether unfruitful in historical and traditionary associations.

Here the proud chieftain moved uncontrolled amid the forest and among his people. Those hills, undulating in the blue haze of the distance, and the far-spreading valley below, he beheld from the lofty promontory on which he delighted to sit, and mark the curling smokes rise from the fires of his tribe. On the right, the meandering Yantic, after tumbling headlong through a deep rocky fissure, and uniting its tumultuous elements in a sullen stream below, winds around the base of the mountain, and spreads out in a wide and beautiful bay. This placid sheet is studded with islands, and crowned with trees in verdant clusters, whose variegated foliage relieves and delights the eye. Thence the wandering river sweeps along the deep vale, until, in the far distance, it unites with the Shatucket, and swells into a more rapid and wide-spread current.

Altogether, the view from the royal seat of Uncas was inconceivably grand and beautiful. The tribes that sat under his view, on the right and on the left, extending on either side of the romantic stream as far as the eye could reach, here rejoiced in the bounties which nature had spread before them. The warrior-chief, proud of his possessions, and exulting in the happiness which pervaded the wigwams of his nation, looked from his high empurpled throne, with all the pride of conscious security and power. This imperial spot of

nature's own framing, so far beyond the conceptions and imposing trickery of art, was the summit of a circular diluvial deposit, that gracefully bent around, and arose from, the delta we have described, and was at once the throne and the grave of the monarch.

I have stood, as erewhile stood the Mohegan sachems, on this towering eminence, and glanced abroad over the pleasant landscape swelling upward from the deep rolling stream, and undulating, with a gradual acclivity, backward to the rocky parapets which crown the distant heights. I have lingered on the green-sward consecrated to the remains of successive regal chieftains, and wandered in the deep ravines which on either side once guarded the living as they should now guard the dead. I have seen the hand of cultivation long since upturn and mingle the mouldering remains of all that was left of a populous people, and I have seen the comminuted fragments of their bones whitening on the western plains. And all this I have beheld with a swelling heart.

A little removed from this asylum of the dead, are the mutilated walls of a Mohegan fort, which was once the scene of sanguinary strife. It was the strong hold of the tribe against the cunning efforts of the Narragansets. Here were the hot attack and the bold repulse—the fierce note of defiance, and the exulting yell of triumph. Here it was that, on one occasion, being hotly pressed by the wily enemy, and every morsel of food exhausted, recourse was had by the artful but terrified Uncas to a desperate stratagem to effect the salvation of his people. Calling together his chiefs, he selected the fleetest runner and the bravest of their number, and despatched him to the then first and feeble settlement of the English, at Saybrook, with orders to obtain succour at any price. The command was executed, although at imminent hazard, in passing through the most powerful of all the enemies of the Mohegans, the Pequots, living in the country opposite and above the present city of New-London. The runner was sent back, with assurances that the desired supply of beef and vegetables would be despatched in two days, and with a request that Uncas should place himself, with a torch light, at a given point on the rocks overlooking the Thames, and at a certain hour of the night. The plan succeeded. The English approached, and landed their provisions, and on the following day Uncas hoisted on the end of a long pole a quarter of the beef, that the enemy might see he had other materials than the stout hearts and sinewy arms they had manifested, for maintaining themselves against his reiterated assaults. The effect of this stratagem was complete. The Mohegans were immediately supplied with the necessary food, and relieved of the fearful presence of their implacable foe. The Narragansets retired to their country, on the borders of the Providence river, and the Mohegans quietly dispersed themselves around on their own pleasant hills. To this day, the rocky elevation, on the borders of the river, a few miles below Norwich, on which Uncas gave to the English the desired signal, is pointed out as 'Uncas' Seat.' In gratitude to his deliverers—quite equal, at least, to the examples of his white brethren—Uncas gave to Mr. Lathrop and Mr. Leffingwell, the men who designed and executed the means of his relief, all that portion of country in and around

Norwich, now constituting between four and five counties. The descendants of these gentlemen have ever since lived on the soil so justly acquired by brave effort, the offspring of humanity. A walking-stick was recently shown the writer, belonging to the last male descendant of Mr. Leffingwell, the friend of Uncas, and one of the first settlers of our country at the mouth of the Connecticut. It is a fine specimen of the antique, and was originally brought from Europe.

Uncas distinguished himself in numerous battles, and ever showed his untiring friendship for the whites. At the bloody and decisive battle which the daring Captain Mason had with the Pequots, at Mystic, Uncas assisted; and, if never before, he here gave signs of fear at the sight of that terrible and warlike tribe. When the great chief of the Mohegans was in his glory, there came up from the land of the Narragansets the renowned Sachem, Miantinomah, with a thousand warriors, to give him battle. The ceaseless friendship of Uncas to the pale-faces had provoked the desperate hate of the Narraganset, and he had resolved on revenge. The event proves this hate to have been mutual. It was first kindled on the separation of the Mohegans from their allegiance to that ancient and powerful tribe, and had burned with increasing violence ever since that period. Uncas was apprized of the enemy's approach, only when very near his wigwam. Hastily collecting his most efficient warriors, in numbers scarcely half those of the foe, he marched out to meet him. On the elevated plain west of the Thames, and three miles south of Norwich, the antagonists came in contact. The Mohegan chief signifying a wish to hold 'a talk' with the proud hero of the Narragansets, the combatants on either side came to a halt, in full view of each other.

The vengeful chieftains came forth to the middle ground, when the powerful Uncas thus addressed his adversary: 'You have with you many stout warriors. So have I with me. It is a pity that brave men should kill each other for *our* quarrels. Come forward, then, like a brave man, as you profess to be, and let *us* fight it out. If Uncas falls before Miantinomah, then are his warriors thine; but, if Miantinomah is conquered by Uncas, then are his warriors mine.' To this the haughty Narraganset briefly replied: 'The men of Miantinomah came out to fight, and they *shall* fight.' At a pre-concerted signal, Uncas suddenly fell to the ground, when his valiant men, with their arrows drawn to their heads, instantly sent home those well-directed and destructive missiles, and then furiously rushing, with a terrible yell, upon the foe, already in confusion from the fatal effects of the sudden shower of arrows, put them to general flight. Hotly pursuing the cowardly enemy, now intent only on their flight, they were hurried, unwittingly, to the brink of an awful chasm, between high precipitous rocks, and now well known as the romantic Falls of the Yantic, near the city of Norwich. Many of the foremost, seeing no means of escape, leaped headlong into the rocky abyss, and were dashed in pieces, while others, dexterously turning to the left, ran upward along the stream, and forded it just by the present 'old paper mill.' Among the latter, was Miantinomah, who, with his flying comrades, still strove with desperate effort to

escape. The Mohegans still pressing on the flanks of the enemy, the pursued and pursuing were seen by a few white men, the first settlers in 'the old town' and the country, to pass the road, rush up the adjacent rocks, and disappear in the forest. On coming to the plain, at a distance, Uncas — himself the foremost of the pursuers — caught a view of his arch-enemy, and, putting forth his utmost strength, he bounded forward, and seized him fiercely in his iron grasp. The exulting yell of the Mohegan quickly brought his warriors to his side, and the hero of the Narragansets found himself a prisoner, firmly secured in the hands of his most hated foe. The triumph of Uncas was all that his ambition could desire. It was an event which at once gave to himself immortality, and enduring prosperity to his people.

Miantinimah, sullen and sad, replied by no word to his conqueror, but deep within his soul concealed the melancholy emotions which overwhelmed him. His proud spirit was broken by this sudden and fatal reverse of fortune, and he bowed in silence to the stroke of fate. 'But yesterday the renowned monarch of the most powerful people of the new world — to-day the abject prisoner of a former vassal! How fallen is Miantinimah, the great chief of the Narragansets!'

Uncas, with a few chosen warriors, led his royal captive to Hartford, then one of the only three settlements in New-England, and gave him up as an offering to the councils of the white man. Here, during a long imprisonment, he awaited the lordly will of the usurpers of the soil — those whom he boldly defied to bring aught against him, and whose right to sit in judgment on his destinies he as fearlessly denied. But, with our forefathers, as with most other men, *might* was often *right*. The pious delegation wisely decided that Uncas had a right to kill their prisoner, and that by allowing *him* to destroy the great proprietor of the best soil in New-England, *he*, at least, could have no rights to claim — no injuries to resent. But however pure and sacred the ultimate determination of this tribunal, the facts of the case, and the noble appeal of Miantinimah will remain for the judgment of unbiassed posterity. Uncas was informed that the prisoner was to receive *justice* at *his* hands, and that a sub-delegation should see it executed. Thus justice was made doubly sure, and the mode of its execution cautiously guaranteed — for so read the chronicles of the times. Uncas came down to the land of the white man, like a faithful subject, when desired, to execute the *privilege* which had been intrusted to him; and taking the regal prisoner to the distant plain, where he had been captured, accompanied by the two trusty delegates before mentioned, called in the said chronicles, 'soldiers.' There, while passing near the spot, Uncas came suddenly up behind his captive and, with one blow, struck him lifeless at his feet; so that, as it is said, the ill-fated chief knew not how nor by whom he had been killed. Uncas cut with his knife from the shoulder of the dead Miantinimah a large piece of flesh, which, on eating, he pronounced, with Indian exultation, the sweetest meat he had ever tasted. Said he, 'It makes my heart strong!' Thus fell the Indian king, Miantinimah.

For years was that spot consecrated by the Narraganset people,

and pilgrimages, worthy of previous ages, and of a more enlightened people, though in a less honored cause, were made to the manes of their beloved sachem. At each visit, additional stones were placed on the rude monumental pile which kept hallowed the earth that covered his bones. It was a pleasing but melancholy sight, to behold the poor Indian coming up from his home, far away in the wild, to pay homage to the memory of a chief of his nation, long since mingled with the soil of a stranger-land—to shed a tear on the sacred sod, and to add another fragment to the memorial which fidelity had reared. It was indeed a sight which might well bring a burning blush to the cheek of the white man, and excite an emotion of tenderness for the cause, and of respect for the spot, of the red man's lamentations. But, no! We talk of 'Christian affection,' of 'civilized refinement,' and we laud the luxury of social sentiment; but let us cease our vain boasting, when we reflect, that there is not a solitary stone to mark the place so often visited by the friendly Indian, even to the last remnant of his tribe. The same despoiling hand which has recklessly sacrificed so many of the venerated relics of other days to curiosity, or the hackneyed watch-word of the age, 'improvement,' but still more frequently to the paltry cause of trifling gain, has scattered, too, this little testimonial of a people's affection. The pale-face who put his destructive hands on that consecrated pile, should never claim kindred sentiments with the 'savage.' Where did the red man ever, in a spirit of revenge—and it is surprising, when so much cause has been given to create it, that so little has been manifested—or in a spirit of gain, despoil the places of the dead? Where has the '*savage*' rifled your tombs, or wantonly destroyed your memorials of friendship? No where—never! *He* is not the barbarian, thus ruthlessly to mutilate or destroy the objects of sense that link us to all we hold dear in memory. He is not 'the poor savage,' said to be insensible to, and devoid of, those 'finer feelings' of which *we* boast as the happy results of civilization—the exclusive effects of education and of social institutions. No: he is, on the contrary, an example worthy of our emulation in this and in many, very many, of those emotions of affectionate sensibility and of ennobling disinterestedness, which we deem the distinctive characteristics of our race.

There is something sad in the thought, that the fragments of olden time are, every where in our country, recklessly destroyed by unfeeling and unthinking men. We can call to mind numerous interesting relics which time, more sparing and conservative than man, has handed down unscathed through former ages and generations. But they are now gone! Would that the progress of society and of human weal might leave undisturbed the grand and mysterious relics of the west, since the destructive hand of man cannot *here* be stayed! But there, too, has the sacrilegious example been followed; and soon, we fear, unless checked in time, will its effects be every where as apparent as at Circleville, etc. As I love the remembrance of our fathers' deeds, and the incidents of other ages—as I delight to dwell on the past acts and conditions of men, and revere the relics of ancient days—I condemn the man who, in earnest or in sport, destroys one of the few sacred remains of his country's history.

He is the personification of stolid selfishness, and is 'fit for treason, stratagem, and spoil.'

The curious may find a few additional facts and traditionary particulars, amusing if not instructive, should he ever visit the beautiful lands of the Uncases, or hereafter recur to the history of a people who, with all their traditions, are fast going the way of all their brethren. The antiquarian may not be less gratified with data which he may nowhere else obtain. Nor will the stranger who, at some future and perhaps far-distant period of time, may recognise the graves of the Mohegan chiefs, or the endeared but forgotten places of their people, deem any local fragments, snatched from the wreck of time, devoid of interest.

In the pleasant and shady grove by the road side, as you pass from 'the Landing' to 'the Falls,' in the charming town of Norwich, and at the head of a deep ravine running to the 'factory village,' which sweeps around the base, and begirts like a zone the solitary summits of the sachem's former glory, lie the remains of the royal Uncases. One of the mounds is distinguished as the sepulchre of the first of his tribe — the conqueror of Miantinomah. This spot is the more distinguishable, from the result of a late popular impulse which, in 1833, caused the earth around it to be handsomely elevated, and a granite block to be planted by the hand of General JACKSON on its centre. A flat slab of gneiss rock supports this granite pedestal, intended, as it is understood, to be surmounted by a pyramidal column. The occasion which induced this momentary attention to the manes of the Mohegan chief having passed by with the departure of General Jackson and his suite, the memory of the object, with the half-finished testimonial, remains to this day, as it ever yet may, 'unhonored and unsung.' Thus far the deed, designed to mark the visit of the hero of the white men, was just and laudable. The address by Governor CASS, and the eclat on that occasion, were alike honorable to the dead and to the living. It is hoped that neither may be forgotten; nor may the desire of possession, or the power of time, for ages destroy the green-sward where repose the ashes of the Uncases. Already has a portion of the consecrated soil been forced to yield its pittance to the itching palm of the white man; but farther, at least, should not the hallowed grave, the homely monument, nor the sepulchral sod, give place to overweening acquisitiveness. Let the group hereafter remain undisturbed to posterity, shielded by an inclosure from destruction by 'rational' or instinctive animals.

The inscriptions yet to be deciphered on the few humble yet mutilated stones within the brief area, may be curious to the reader. On a fragment of that which once marked the grave of the great sachem, and white man's friend, are the following eulogistic lines:

'For beauty, wit, and sterling sense,  
For courage bold, and eloquence—  
For temper mild, and things wavegan,\*  
He was the glory of Mohegan.'

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\* The etymology of the word *wavegan*, which is evidently of Indian origin, tradition says was, as its use here seems to imply, *good*. This poetical eulogium is said to have been written by a Mr. TRACY.



The stone, with this almost illegible inscription, was long since removed from its original place, and is now preserved by J. GODDARD, Esq. On the only three stones now standing, with inscriptions upon them, may be traced, though with much difficulty, the following, in Roman letters. The exact form and orthography, which are of the rudest and most antique character, it is difficult here to preserve :

' Here lies y<sup>e</sup> body  
OF  
P O M P I U N C A S ,  
SON OF  
B E N J A M I N A N D A N N U N C A S ,  
and of y<sup>e</sup> royal blood ;  
WHO  
d y e d M a y y<sup>e</sup> I, and in 1740,  
in y<sup>e</sup> 21st year of his age.'

' Here lies  
S A M U N C A S ,  
the second and beloved son  
of his father,  
J O H N U N C A S ,  
who  
was the grand-son of  
U N C A S ,  
Grand-Sachem of Mohegan, the darling  
of his mother ; being daughter of  
said U N C A S , Grand-Sachem.  
He died July 31st, 1741,  
in the 28th year  
of his age.'

The following are in italics. Each inscription seems to have been rudely chiselled by different persons, both from the style and difference of spelling :

'In Memory  
OF  
E L I Z A B E T H B E Q N E E ,  
great-grand-child of  
V N C A U S ,  
Sachem of Mohegan,  
WHO  
died Dec<sup>r</sup> y<sup>e</sup> 20th, A. D. 1761,  
aged 14 years.'

'In Memory  
OF  
E L I Z A B E T H J O Y N I I B ,  
the daughter of  
M O H A M E T ,  
great grand-child to y<sup>e</sup> first  
V N C A U S ,  
Sachem of Mohegan, who died  
July y<sup>e</sup> 5th, 1756, aged  
33 years.'

The accompanying genealogical account of the royal family has been preserved, but in what manner we are unable to say. It was found, however, in the possession of one of the oldest inhabitants, and is worth keeping.

' *Sassecus*, Sachem of the *Narragansets*.

1. *Uncas*, first sachem of *Mohegan*, the son of *Sassecus*.
2. Sachem, *Venech*, son of *Uncas* by *Sassecus'* daughter. The first son of *Venech* was shot for murder in the life-time of his father, who left a son *Mohamet*, alias *Yeamecuen*, who died in England, being then with Capt. Mason.
3. Sachem *Cæsar*, second son of *Venech*.
4. Sachem *Major Ben Uncas*.
5. Sachem *Ben*, the second son of *Major Ben Uncas*.
6. Sachem *Ben Uncas*, third son of *Ben*, second.'

There are several other particulars, respecting marriages and intermarriages, which we have not room to notice. The sixth and last chief is described as a splendid fellow, every way worthy of his ancestors. There was evidently much, and very praiseworthy, attention paid to the royal family by the whites of those times, in thus preserving these particulars, and in erecting memorials to their memory ; but why the chiefs themselves have not been thus honored — the first *Uncas* excepted — does not appear ; though they may have received this distinction, and the stones have since been lost. The

pretty grove of trees, under which are now to be recognised about twenty graves, together with the associations there called up, and the scenery round about, make a visit to the spot a subject of romantic yet melancholy reminiscence.

As I slowly re-traced my steps from the ancient fortification I have described, I called to mind the remark of one who — after nineteen years' constant intercourse with the Indian tribes of the west, as an officer of the United States' government — affirmed that he never heard of a sanguinary contest with the aborigines, which was not first provoked by the abuses of the whites.\* There have been stratagems and frauds practised upon the Seminoles, and the Cherokees, which, if they could be traced out, would awake in the bosom of every thinking, right-minded white man, deep sympathetic emotions. There is not a nation nor a people on earth, who have endured the abuses of the American Indian. The 'poor African,' about whom there is a prodigious uproar, and with whose alleged mistreatment the press is teeming, has never suffered the long and heart-felt wrongs of the aborigines. And yet, with as much difference between the two races as between any people in the world, we pour out lamentations for the one, and bind the free and noble in spirit, without compunction.

As an American, born where raged the fiercest struggles against oppression, and rocked in the cradle of liberty, my heart melts within me, when I think of the injustice and treachery which have been practised upon the original owners of our glorious domain — of the fetters which freemen have rivetted upon limbs hitherto untrammelled, and tender to the touch of shame and degradation. We have much to answer for, in our treatment of the aborigines. The horrors of battles which fraud and injustice, born of cupidity, have provoked, may for a time hide the truth from the public eye. But *history* will avenge the wronged; and repentance will come when it is too late. When every vestige of the race has departed — when the arts of speculators and the arts of war shall have accomplished their work — *then* may come untimely regrets, and unavailing sympathies — the cant of political affectation, or the misplaced sensibility of the *pseudo* philanthropist. May *real* contrition, and timely sorrow for the past, avert our fears for the future!

#### A WORD

TO THE STUFFED SHARK, AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM.

Would thou couldst tell the wonders thou hast seen  
 'In the deep bosom of the ocean buried,'  
 Of spar-like 'gems of purest ray serene,'  
 With which the deep sea-caves are starred and serried:  
 I envy thee the grand tour submarine —  
 I almost envy Jonas, who was ferried  
 In a whale's maw, three days and nights, the sinner!  
 And then cast up — an undigested dinner!

\* Col. M'KENNEY, late Superintendent of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.



## THE MIRROR OF DEATH.

'POOR MARY — is no more! She breathed her last on Thursday, just as the sun was sinking to his rest. You remember her singular beauty — the rose-leaf bloom of her cheek, and the lustre of her large dark eye. Alas! they were but the harbingers of premature decay. Yet we little thought so, one short year ago, as we gazed in admiration upon features glowing with youth and beauty, and saw the radiant color come and go, with tidings from her heart, as if it were a running messenger to that glad source. But she is gone — and the fond eyes that have seen her will see her no more! A little while before she died, in an interval of pain, she desired her sister to bring a mirror, that she might behold the ravages which disease had wrought. Her request was granted — and never shall I forget the affecting scene which ensued — the solemn monitions with which it was fraught.'

LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

THE beautiful was dying! In life's spring,  
 When the young heart, with joy intoxicate,  
 Had newly nestled under love's warm wing,  
 And pleasure's roses hid the thorns of fate —  
 The fiat had gone forth! To pass away  
 So young, so blessed, it was a bitter doom;  
 But the soft radiance of immortal day  
 Streamed sweetly through the twilight of the tomb.

The strife was well nigh finished, and the soul,  
 Baptized in light, the dawn of light to be,  
 Meted life's pleasures at its final goal,  
 By the just standard of eternity.  
 Sweet was her spirit's counsel, breathed from lips  
 Voiced like the bird that warbling mounts toward heaven,  
 And to those eyes death waited to eclipse,  
 A deep and holy earnestness was given.

She bade them bring a mirror; when 't was brought,  
 She looked into it long, with steadfast gaze,  
 But quailed not at the wreck disease had wrought  
 Among the charms so praised in other days;  
 Then, with the ruin of her loveliness,  
 Like a sad spectre of the past, in view,  
 Thus did her soul rebuke pride's weaknesses —  
 Thus bid its wasted tenement adieu:

'How soon life vanisheth!  
 A little revel, then a long repose:  
 Health's seeming hue is oftentimes but the rose  
 Planted by Death!

'Look on this altered brow,  
 Once garlanded with such fastidious care;  
 How would gay flowers, or wreaths of jewels rare,  
 Beseem it now!

'Waste not one precious hour  
 In vain adornment of the fading clay;  
 But beautify the *soul*, o'er which decay  
 Can boast no power.

'Robe it for that abode  
 Where sorrow comes not — beauty knows no blight;  
 Fit it to be, in halls of peerless light,  
 The guest of God!

'Friends whom I fondly love!  
 Oh! put the everlasting garment on!  
 So shall ye stand accepted by that throne  
 All thrones above.

'So shall we part, to meet  
Where never yet was heard the sound 'Farewell'  
And hold, in that fair land where angels dwell,  
Communion sweet.

'Farewell! poor faltering dust,  
Whose image Death is darkening even now?  
But a few moments more of pain, and thou  
Shalt yield thy trust.

'I feel earth's tie  
Untwining from my soul! Ye kind and true,  
Who long have watched and tended me, adieu!  
In peace I die!'

Her dark eyes closed — the pulse of life was stilled;  
Death came to her as to the weary, sleep,  
And left a smile upon the lip he chilled,  
That made it half profanity to weep.  
Sorrow for *her* — it had been selfishness!  
Why should we mourn, when those we mourn rejoice?  
Perchance to save her from unrecked distress,  
God called her homeward with a father's voice.

All that was mortal of that sainted girl  
Lies in the vale she loved — a beauteous scene;  
Above her grave the night dew hangs its pearl  
On many a graceful wreath of living green:  
There earliest wake the warblers of the spring,  
There, too, the flowers of autumn latest die:  
Nature delights her choicest gifts to fling  
Around the tomb of maiden purity.

March, 1837.

J. F.

## CAPTAIN PERCY:

BEING A FARTHER ACCOUNT OF THAT GENTLEMAN, TRANSCRIBED FROM 'THE FIDGET PAPERS.'

'Why I descend,  
Is partly to behold my lady's face,  
But chiefly to take thence from her dear finger  
A precious ring — a ring that I must use.'

ROMEO AND JULIET.

CAPTAIN PERCY returned from his morning ride, and alighting from his foam-flecked horse, before the spacious steps of the Tremont House, he gave the panting animal in charge to a groom who was waiting, by appointment, to receive him. The slayer of men was the crack rider of the Guards, and he never felt in better humor with himself than when he had been witching the gay world with his unrivalled horsemanship. His air and dress were both elegant; the former frank and easy, with nothing of a military *hauteur*, or a martinet-like stiffness, and the latter well calculated to set off, to the very best advantage, his athletic and classical frame. A handsome frock, of dark claret, profusely trimmed with frogs and braid, was buttoned to his throat; his white pantaloons were strapped over matchless boots, radiant with Day and Martin, and a pair of military spurs, that had glittered in the van of battle, shone upon his heels. His white-gloved hands toyed with an ivory-mounted riding-whip, and a rich cap of black velvet, set jauntily on the side of his head, harmonized

in color with his raven curls, and the brief moustache that gave a sort of fascinating ferocity to the expression of his upper lip.

Captain Percy, we repeat, was never in better humor; but his gayety was like that which Romeo calls a 'lightning before death,' for it instantly gave way before a dun.

'Master told me to give you this,' said the groom, presenting a bill: 'it's run up to fifty dollars, and he'd like to have you settle it.'

'He's very kind,' said the captain, thrusting the paper into his pocket. 'You can go, man.' The ostler galloped off.

'I wish there was some way of raising money without trouble,' said the gallant captain, to himself. 'Money is the root of all evil, but hang me if I like to dig for it.' So saying, he sauntered up the elegant steps, and entered the Tremont House. The first person he encountered was the bar-keeper. 'You desired me to make out your bill some time ago,' said the Ganymede; 'here it is, Sir. As soon as convenient, if you please.'

'Whenever you will,' answered the destroyer of armies. But he lounged away, and ascended to his room.

'It is all gone!' said the sacker of cities, when he found himself alone. I'm cleaned out, 'egad! every rap.' As he thus soliloquized, in the bitterness of his soul, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and like Milton's cloud, turned their 'silver lining' outward. A few shillings fell upon the floor. 'This is a deuced hard country to exist in!' continued the discontented captain. 'I was told that living was cheap, and the natives gullable; but I find expenses high, and as for cozening the Yankees, by Jove! its diamond cut diamond. How to replenish—there's the rub! It would ruin one's reputation to borrow, and as for levying contributions in an illegal way, I have done with *that*.' 'Ah! I have it!' he added, after a pause, in which a bright thought flashed upon his mind: 'I have it!—and it shall be done.'

Leaving him to dress, and prepare for the execution of his project, we shall make a call upon a lady.

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MISS EMMA SALLOW lived with her aunt, Mrs. Caution, in a small but pretty house, at some distance from the centre of the city. This lady was merely tolerated in 'good society,' because her fortune had been made by her deceased father, in the exercise of an honorable but humble calling. To the world, she passed for a fashionable lady, because she was *seen* with fashionable ladies, as a false diamond among true brilliants is not detected at a distance. She was a simple, good-natured person, fond of rouge and dress, insomuch so, that she resembled a coarse daub in a costly frame. She had her weaknesses, and among them was an inordinate love of praise—and this induced her to listen complacently even to the compliments of Mr. Epic.

The needy, mediocre poet was expected this day, and Miss Emma was alone in her drawing room, willing away the tedious moments of expectation, by playing an overture upon her grand piano.

Her execution was so *forte*, and her attention so occupied, that she did not hear the sound of the door-bell, and was not aware of the presence of a second person, until she turned suddenly, and beheld before her — oh, joy unutterable! — the gallant Captain Percy, in a full and fashionable dress, and looking absolutely killing.

‘Captain Percy! I am happy to see you! Pray be seated. And my aunt, too — I will ring the bell, and inform *her* of this pleasure.’

‘Not for worlds, dear madam!’ exclaimed the vivacious captain, as he arrested the jewelled hand of the young lady, about to be applied to the bell-rope — ‘not for worlds! For my part, I think two persons quite enough to carry on a conversation, and can listen with patience to no one else, while you are near.’

‘Ah, captain! you are a notorious flatterer,’ said the lady, with a sigh.

‘Fore ’gad! they wrong me, madam,’ cried the gallant captain. ‘When I am speaking of you, I only feel the poverty of language. I am rejoiced, Miss Sallow, in finding you at home and alone. I come *pour prendre congé*.’

‘You don’t say so! What! going? Is it possible?’

‘Yes, I fear I must — unless — unless an unlooked-for happiness’ — He paused, looked full in the face of his companion, and sighed.

‘And what would induce you to stay? — what compel you to go?’ asked the young lady, directly *at*, and pretending not to understand, the captain.

‘Ah, madam, do *you* ask me?’ exclaimed the hero, with great *empressement*. ‘Could I dare to confess — but no — no! It would be vain — worse than useless. I am a marked, a doomed man.’

Miss Sallow looked upon her companion with eyes in which pleasure shone without disguise. Never had she seen so perfect a resemblance to Lord Byron.

‘Yes,’ continued the destroyer of armies, ‘I am a marked man, nor for me is the meed of popular applause, nor the smile of lovely woman.’ As if overcome by his feelings, he hid his face in his hand, and through the interstices of his fingers he watched the changing countenance of Miss Sallow. Half afraid that he had awakened her suspicions by his theatrical display, and dreading to hazard too much, after a pause, the captain said, apparently with an effort: ‘Let us drop this painful and uninteresting subject. That is a beautiful piano.’

‘Will you try it?’ asked the lady.

‘I was about to entreat *you* to favor me with an air, madam,’ he replied.

‘Nay, captain,’ said the lady, ‘you cannot excuse yourself. I know your proficiency on the instrument, and I beg you will favor me with a song.’

Nothing loth, the slayer of men divested his delicate hands of their gloves, and sat down to the piano, over the keys of which he ran his fingers with a preliminary flourish. ‘I will sing you a song of my own,’ said the all-accomplished officer, ‘and if it be deemed worthless as a work of art, it may possess some interest as a confes-

sion ; and if I have wronged the sacred Nine, my atonement is, the firm resolve never to resume the pen again.'

PERCY'S SONG.

I.

'THE green weeds on the turret gray  
Wave in the night wind bland,  
And deck my castle far away,  
In fair Northumberland.  
My noble mother sits at home,  
And wakes and weeps for me,  
And fancy tracks me where I roam,  
And seeks me o'er the sea.

II.

'A countess in her feudal hall  
That looks upon the lake,  
Turns from the revel and the ball,  
And sorrows for my sake.  
Although I ne'er gave back her smiles,  
I have not now to learn  
She'd give her coronet for wiles  
To win me to return.

III.

'Though Albion's dames were fair to see,  
And Gallia's girls were gay,  
And lovely maids in Italy  
Beset with snares my way —  
Though many a marchioness in France  
Essayed the tempter's art,  
And contadina looked askance —  
They could not touch my heart.

IV.

'But now no more I toy and smile  
With Mirth's exulting train,  
For Love, successful in his guile,  
Hath bound me in his chain.  
But though I fly thee, I shall bear  
Thine image to my grave,  
And hide my grief and my despair  
Beyond the heaving wave.'

'Beautiful! beautiful!' exclaimed Miss Sallow. 'And can one who writes such poetry, renounce the art?'

'I feel it my duty to do, so, though I know the extent of the sacrifice,' answered the heroic captain. 'For if it be hard to give up a woman's love, as the Shakspeare of Germany says, no less painful is the task to part from the fellowship of the muses, to declare ourselves for ever undeserving of their community.'

'Ah! why renounce minstrelsy and minstrel love?' asked the romantic Emma.

'He has understood her! — and behold the damsel in the situation she had often pictured to herself, sitting in triumph, with a handsome lover at her feet, and that lover a captain and a Percy!

'Then be it so!' said Percy: 'be mine the poet's fame, and the poet's love. Miss Sallow — Emma — dearest lady! Why do you look away?' She turned a countenance, once of the color of Hymen's robe, but now suffused with carmine, on her lover.

'I had thought it impossible,' said Percy, 'that any thing could add to those charms; but now I see that blush irradiates them with the

beauty of divinity. Upon my word, modesty is the only unfashionable thing that's pretty. Do not struggle to remove this fair hand from my grasp. Let me cover it with kisses. What charming rings!—but what fingers still more charming! They outvie the very jewels. Nay, dearest Emma, this — *this* ring you must permit me to retain as a *gage d'amour*.' It was a splendid diamond, but the lady answered: 'Keep it, Percy, for my sake.'

The noble lover was in raptures. Still on his knees, he threw his arms around the lady's waist, and imprinted a kiss (we will swear it was a chaste one,) on her trembling lips. At that instant, the door opened, and the shabby poet bolted into the room. It was Vulcan surprising Mars and Venus. He stood transfixed in mute despair. Captain Percy started to his feet.

'Leave me!' said the lady, faintly.

'Why, you said in your note ——' cried the poor bard.

'I am engaged,' feebly murmured the heiress.

'Begone!' cried the captain, in a voice of thunder, striding up to Epic. The author of the 'Genius of Washington' darted down the stair-case. Percy turned to his victim, and in a few well-chosen words took his leave for the morning.

'Oh! matchless power of impudence!' muttered our hero to himself, as he strode quickly through the street: 'Thy alchemy, I have heard, turns brass to gold: but to diamonds! — *that's* a new discovery! Dear little sparkler! — brighter than the eyes of beauty! I could almost worship thee! Now to the jeweller's, to cash this pretty bauble. Adorable Miss Sallow! Thou art indeed a valuable acquaintance. My creditors shall thank you for your *gage d'amour*.'

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WHEN the author of the 'Genius of Washington' left the house of his mistress in such precipitation, flying from the frowning brow and threatening gestures of the gallant Percy, and the averted air of the perjured Emma, he was in some doubt whither to bend his steps. To return home, after his disappointment, would only be to render his condition worse. We will make our meaning manifest. Captain Percy and the poet both addressed Miss Sallow from mercenary motives. The slayer of men had his eagle eye upon her diamonds — had cast covetous glances on her purse. On the very day on which the destroyer of battalions had carried off the prize, the inditer of sonnets, driven to desperation by a dunning landlady, had come to the young lady for the purpose of borrowing a little of the circulating medium. He was reduced to a dreadful alternative. Unless he sued for the hand of his hostess, she threatened to sue him for rent. Leverett-street jail threatened on one side, and the gorgeous hostelry of the Tankard rose seductively upon the other:

'A palace and a prison on each hand.'

Literary men, before him, had married a virago, and Socrates had the tankard — thrown at his head. With a wavering and uncertain step, the dubious hero of Grub-street trode the homeward path, and



entering the Tankard by the back way, stole up the stairs like a burglar, and shut the door of his apartment.

In the mean time, the gallant Percy, having disposed of his diamond for a handsome sum, and having satisfied his clamorous creditors, began to reflect upon the probable misery of Epic, and with a singular generosity, resolved to make amends for the injury he had done him, by applying to his use some of the golden favors he had derived from their common mistress. No sooner had he determined on this course, than he went forth to seek the abode of the poor author; but for a long time he was completely baffled.

'Aught of the dwelling of the proud and poor,  
From their own lips the world will never know;  
When better days are gone, it is secure  
Beyond all other mysteries here below;  
Except perhaps, a maiden lady's age,  
When past the noon-day of life's pilgrimage.'

It was toward sunset when, wearied with walking, and despairing of success, the gallant captain entered a coffee-room, and stretched his elegant length upon the sofa. Calling for a cigar, he lighted it, and while inhaling the aromatic perfume, took up an evening paper for amusement. The first paragraph which met his astonished eyes, was the following:

'SUICIDE. — We are very sorry to inform our readers that Mr. HORACE EPIC, the well known author of the 'Genius of Washington,' committed suicide, by hanging, this afternoon, at his lodgings at the Tankard, Laurel Alley. The rash act was committed in a fit of insanity — perhaps despair. This is another instance of the melancholy fate of genius. Funeral to take place to-morrow afternoon, at four o'clock, from the residence of the deceased. We suggest to our citizens generally the expediency of honoring the remains of their townsman with distinguished funeral ceremonies, and are happy to announce that the volunteer company of Fredonian Light Infantry, at a hasty meeting, adopted resolutions to appear in full uniform, with crape upon the left arm, and escort the ashes of the unfortunate bard to their place of interment, where they will fire a volley over his grave. By the way, we understand that the manager of the theatre has, in the kindest manner, invited the corps to grace his house with their presence in the evening. We anticipate a large audience. We propose opening a subscription-list immediately, for the purpose of procuring funds to purchase a lot at Mount Auburn, whereon to erect a handsome mausoleum to the memory of one who has contributed more than any other author to raise the poetic reputation of America abroad.'

'Unfortunate man!' cried Percy; 'I have perhaps hastened his death. But I will go to his lodgings at once. Perhaps I can defray his last expenses, and wipe the stain of impaired credit from his memory.'

With this benevolent intention, Captain Percy strode to Laurel Alley, and, entering the Tankard, was, at his pressing request, admitted to the chamber of the deceased. There lay his books and papers, scattered about in literary confusion — some of the former open, as if recently consulted, and many of the latter covered with writing, hardly dry. Percy nerved himself to look upon the face of the dead, and turned to contemplate the remains of Epic, as they lay stretched in their last repose. What was his horror, when the body rose upright, and a hollow voice exclaimed, with a theatrical air:

'Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!  
Think, how thou stabb'st me in my prime of youth  
At Tewksbury. Despair, therefore, and die!'

For a moment only was the captain disconcerted. His transient

terror gave way to merriment, and laughing heartily, he slapped the spectre cavalierly on the back, and cried irreverently: 'I'm up to trap, old cove. So, come to life as quick as possible, and tell me how report has happened to send you to the Stygian shades.'

'Mum's the word for that,' said the poet, thrusting a lank foot into a worn-out slipper, and rising from the bed. I gave a hint to an editor, and see how he has expanded it! Will it not fill Emma with remorse, and completely baffle the tip-staves?'

'I understand you,' answered the captain: 'you wanted to throw the 'beaks' off the scent. But give us your hand. Come, you bear no malice for my flattering the girl?'

'Ah!' sighed the poet, 'that was an unhappy affair; and if this suicide does not enable me to get my living, faith! I shall abscond.'

'You are in want of some of the circulating medium?' said Percy — 'vulgarly y'clept dirt?'

'It's a dirt I've washed my hands of,' answered the poet, with a shrug.

'It's a dirt you would n't like to be pelted with, I suppose,' said Percy.

'That's an affront I can pocket,' answered the poet, because, as Falconbridge says:

'Because my breeches best may carry it.'

'There, then,' said the captain, handing the eager poet a bank note, 'there's a *flimsey* for you: make me your debtor by accepting it. And hark'ee, as I'm confoundedly hungry' — here he pressed some silver upon the poet — 'see if you can't procure some edibles, and a little of that compound poison, called by the vulgar, whiskey-punch.'

'Captain!' cried the joyous poet, 'you're the best of fellows. How can I repay you? I have it! I'll give you a whole quire of mss. poetry!'

'It would be hardly fair,' said the gallant captain, 'to give me your lead for my gold. But fly! — evanish! — for I am absolutely dying of hunger and thirst.'

On hearing the concluding sentence, the needy mediocre vanished.

'Well,' cried the slayer of men, 'I can boast of having done one generous action, at least, in my life. Poor Epic! His is a hard life. I wonder whether I could n't turn author. How should I look, attired in this tattered *robe de chambre*, with this paper cap upon my head, inditing a sonnet to a lady's eye-brow?'

As he said this, the gay captain put on the ragged gown of the poet, and covered his cranium with the foolscap monteiro, with which Epic, like the Roman emperor, was wont to hide his baldness. No sooner was the metamorphosis completed, than a heavy step approached the chamber, the door opened, and a rough man, in a dreadnought coat, with a cane in his hand, and a red handkerchief tied round his throat, and knotted curiously, entered abruptly, and unannounced. Walking directly up to Percy, without any ceremony, he laid his hand upon his shoulder, and in those words which thrill through every nerve of a sensitive frame, said: 'You're my prisoner!'

Percy had certain private reasons, which will be disclosed anon, for dreading an arrest. He changed color, for he recognised the officer of justice. It suddenly occurred to him to deny his name.

'I am not the person you take me for,' he cried, stoutly.

'Of course not,' replied the facetious officer, with a chuckling laugh; 'cause as how I *takes you* for my employer. You've been long wanted, you know.'

In his desperation, Percy exclaimed: 'You mistake, my friend: my name's Epic.'

'The very man I'm a'ter!' was the freezing reply.

In one instant more, the unfortunate captain, in spite of his expostulations, denials, oaths, and entreaties, was ignominiously dragged through Laurel Alley, and conducted to the stone strong-hold of justice. When Epic, laden with luxuries, returned to his apartment, he found the captain gone, and with him that invaluable dressing-gown, and the immortal cap of Fortunatus.

#### TO A BRIDE.

##### I.

He hath wooed thee with those wildering words which maidens blushing heed,  
He hath won thee, ere thy heart might well its own pure language read;  
He hath wed thee at the altar, with the vow and with the token,  
Which bind ye, till the cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken.

##### II.

He will love thee for a season — ay! more than tongue can speak —  
While the orange wreath is on thy brow, and the rose upon thy cheek;  
He will wear thee like a festal robe — then fling thee careless by —  
Light holds the wayward heart of man sworn oaths of constancy.

##### III.

Are they not all of love and hope, the dreams of thy young years?  
It will fade, the blissful vision — thou wilt awake in tears!  
They will change, those wreaths for future hours which thy bright spirit weaves,  
Like the genii gold of the eastern tale, to a heap of withered leaves.

##### IV.

The lot is on thee! — woman's lot — in loneliness to pine,  
That thy gods he doth not worship — his people are not thine;  
To find earth's pleasant places unto thee made desolate,  
Thy path all sand, yet 'mid the waste, to wrestle with thy fate.

##### V.

Wear broidered robe and costly gem — light be thy laugh and jest —  
Lead the gay dance — none look for wo beneath the glittering vest;  
Hide deep thy thoughts — yet thy young heart back from itself will quail,  
From all the hideousness which lies beneath its silver veil.

##### VI.

Thou may'st not bend at other shrines — thy vow is on the first —  
Thou may'st not at another fount quaff to allay thy thirst:  
O drooping reed! no draught for thee may earthly hand prepare —  
Yet there is 'balm in Gilead' — seek thy physician there!

IONE.

## PHILASTER.

AN EXCURSION TO MOUNT SALEVE.

'Quousque humi defixa tua mens erit? nonne adspicis, quæ in templa veneris?' — CICERO.

\* \* \* As soon as the company heard that Philaster had made this excursion, they crowded around him, and begged that he would tell them the story of it, promising to be attentive, and not to interrupt him, however much he might indulge in the moral reflections of which he was so fond. Philaster, thus urged, continued:

'I was unwilling to leave the neighborhood of Lake Lemman, without having seen more of Swiss scenery than my engagements at Geneva had before permitted. I therefore set out from my friend's house, about two o'clock, on the afternoon of the last day, with my port-folio under my arm, and having passed through the gate of the city, which is corruptly called 'Plain Palais,' from the Latin '*Plana Palus*,' I gained the high-road, and directed my way toward the Saleve. It seemed to be but a little way before me. But after walking many miles, I learned, from the apparently slow progress I made in approaching it, and from the minuteness of the trees and other objects upon its side, to realize the great size and distance of even this inferior Alp. I crossed the Arve, over a handsome stone bridge, at Carouge, where the villas are pretty and the fields green, and where a small public edifice of stone affords a good specimen of the Doric order of architecture. Beyond this place, the road becomes steeper and less protected; and the prospect of the lake and its valley widens as you approach the base of the mountain. At Veiri, where the path is no longer practicable for carriages, I sat down to rest, in preparation for the ascent.

'Veiri is a retired village, and the simple church, the rustic cottage, and the heedless confidence with which the cow ruminates in the middle of the way, show that a single league separates it from city habits. I observed, however, some mixture of luxury, where it is always first seen, in the women's dress. The French muslin, the parasol, and the milliner's bonnet, had already superseded the broad home-braided straw hat, and the strong home-spun linen.

'From Veiri, the ascent was more rapid. Crossing a mass of gravelly hillocks, the fantastic shapes of which showed the wild play of the mountain torrents, I arrived at the foot of the '*Pas de l'Echelle*,' a very steep, rugged path, lying in part over loose stones, and in part formed by steps cut in the rock. At every resting place, during the difficult ascent, I turned to view the prospect below, the lake, and the broad fertile plain which separated it from the mountain; but the prattle of a party of pedestrians, who were straggling down the path, interrupted the pensiveness which is necessary to the full enjoyment of any natural scene. Upon a long flight of steps, which formed the end of the path, I found a gray-haired man, with a broom in his hand, and by his side a post, bearing an inscription which purported that he was the keeper of the '*Pas de l'Echelle*,' and that he received no other pay than that which the generosity of travellers might afford him. I put a few batz into the hat which he protruded

before me, and he called upon all the saints to bless his munificent benefactor. After gaining the top of the eminence, up the side of which I had been toiling, a few rods of level pathway brought me to the little village of Monetier, situated in the valley between the two chief summits, called the Little and the Great Salève. I made arrangement at the inn of this village for such lodging and supper as it could afford me, and half an hour after, stood on the top of the smaller of the two peaks. The ascent, however, was toilsome, it being very steep, partly over loose stony grounds, and partly through small shrub-oaks, which, while they enabled me, indeed, to aid myself with my hands, made my foot-hold less secure. From the little piece of table land which I thus gained, the eye ranged over a wide tract of country, in the different parts of which nature was seen in her most opposite dresses. To the south and east, lay Mont Blanc, with her neighbor groups; and the Arve was seen meandering from its source among the glaciers, through village-dotted grounds. To the north and west, between the hill's foot and the Jura, extended the Rhone's fine valley, the undulations of whose surface were, on account of the great elevation, not apparent to the eye, and whose thriving villages and woodlands, winding roads and streams, seemed the arbitrary variations of a motley carpet. The descent was more difficult than the ascent had been. But after many falls and imaginary perils, I arrived at the little valley in safety, and under the eaves of the Swiss cottage found a clean table-cloth and napkin, and a pretty 'mam'zelle,' who brought me excellent 'café au lait,' fine bread and butter, good honey, and eggs, none the less relished for being eaten with a pewter spoon.

'As soon as the sun had set,' continued Philaster, 'the cottagers, according to the primitive customs which remain there, retire to rest, and the little village is as silent as the shadowy crags which rise around it. I sit, for a while, listening to the sigh of the freshening breeze, and watching the mists as they collect around the bases of the hills, and when the light of day is entirely disappeared, walk out into the valley. The starry lamps of Geneva twinkle on the misty plain, and a little higher, twinkle on the deep azure those other lights, no less indicative, perhaps, of habitations; habitations, it may be, of other classes of beings like ourselves — perhaps of angels — and perhaps of minds that have dwelt on, and quitted, earth, and are now coursing from star to star, as they advance in the power, or the wisdom, or the benevolence of their being. And is there any thing of reality in this fond conjecture? Shall I, at some future day, sit with those whom I admire, and those whom I love, on that bright orb? And may not attendant spirits there minister to our weaknesses and doubts, or the Deity himself condescend to more intimate communion? On which of these does Plato now repose? Where the Cæsars mourn their lost dominion? And he, the 'self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,' where has he found a refuge from 'the rack of this tough world?'

'As the night breeze becomes keen, I return to the inn, and find my bed in a small room, which has the recommendation of being dry and clean. A flag-bottomed chair, half-a-dozen clothes-hooks upon a white-washed wall, and a small square looking-glass, reflected

from which all faces are alike, complete the furniture of my apartment: a scraggly bell-wire in the corner gives evidence that there either is, or has been, an intention of answering the summons of any chance visiter; and bidding good night to the twin hills, and to the sky, with all its poetry, I compose myself to sleep, in spite of the fleas, whose ambuscade I in vain endeavor to discover, and whose inflictions I must therefore patiently bide.

'It was near six o'clock, the next morning, before I had began my way up the Great Salève. The path to the mountain top was exceedingly steep, long, and rough, and the sun shone broadly in the sky before I reached the summit. During the whole ascent, however, my eye and fancy were entertained with brilliant views of the neighboring valleys, just appearing from under the night mists, and glistening in the early rays of the sun. After an hour's toil, I found myself upon the less steep part of the mountain, where cows were grazing upon excellent pasturage, and several huts showed that I had not yet reached the region where nature refuses to contribute to man's subsistence. At one of these, I refreshed myself with a cup of cream, which was offered me by one of a ragged, dirty family, who were eating their morning meal of boiled lettuce and bread. I found that a mountain life had not made, nor kept them, honest.

'The highest point of the mountain, (called by the peasants '*Les treize arbres*,' from a number of trees, which have unaccountably acquired size and strength to resist the storms, and stand there alone,) is three hundred feet above the lake, and more than four thousand above the level of the sea. From this point of view, I surveyed the extensive tract of country, described with such beautiful faithfulness by the author of the '*Nouvelle Heloise*,' from the Alps to the Jura, and the rich vales between — the shores of the lake, from Geneva to the site of Lausanne, which was then hidden by a heavy cloud, at a distance, the passage by which Hannibal entered Italy — and on the other side the Simplon, the Bernard, and the Cenis; and then turned my eye down to the plain to descry — so minute in comparison of this vast array of nature — the almost imperceptible cities and villages of men, the small threading roads, so much boasted, upon which an empire's treasure had been lavished. These human works seemed but a circumstance, an exception, an insignificant chance. They appeared like the works of a petty insect on small spots of a vast expanse; and brought to my mind the days when I used to sit cross-legged, by the side of the path in my native village, to watch the ants scudding around and over their little hill. A like insignificant proportion do the bodies of man and insect bear to the extent of the ground upon which they labor; with like blind and ridiculous precipitancy, do they caper about for the accomplishment of their petty purposes, which a chance breeze may render vain, or a careless footstep crush, and both alike confine their view to the few atoms over which their dominion lies, heedless of the incomparable beauties and grandeur that lie beyond the scene of their follies. Yet there is this all-important difference between the natures of these two animals. The works of the insect are as insignificant as his body; and its nest is no more commodiously arranged now, than when it rose in Adam's pathway; whereas, the works of man,



minute as they and he are, extend over the surface of an immense tract. By the accumulated labor of ages and nations, he changes the appearance, the uses, the influences, of all upon which and in which he lives. He makes his roads over the largest hills. He turns the course of broad rivers, and makes use of lakes and seas. Climate changes after his steps, and the whole earth, so vast, becomes from savage, drear, and waste, cultivated, cheering, and enjoyable. This little lord of the creation, by his retrospective and prospective faculties, becomes an important being, and rises to the dignity of an integer in the universe.

'The mountain top,' continued Philaster, 'is the place for the musings of the religious philosopher. There, every thing mundane sinks to its due station of inferiority; the air, purified from mists and exhalations, inspires greater activity of life; the world's noise and filth left far below — the heavens 'shed down their stellar virtue,' uncorrupted; the sky, carrying the thoughts with it, expands to a wider arch, and assumes a deeper blue; and by the apparently increased proximity of the celestial luminaries, the solitary muser seems to have made half his journey to the better world. The ancients, either from a knowledge of human nature, or from a certain religious instinct, sought, for their consecrated edifices, the highest sites. The Temple of Capitoline Jove overlooked the whole of the imperial city; that of Jupiter Ammonius is seen from far, the highest point of the Alban hills; upon the Appenine, the Temple of the Sybil yet stands, the most picturesque of the ruins of Italy, upon the point of the rock which overhangs the highest cascade of the Roman territory; the most ornate of the churches of modern times is at the top of a lofty hill, in the centre of the Neapolitan capital, and commands a view of the bay and of the shore which Virgil has immortalized — of Vesuvius, and of the tracts which have been, at successive periods, desolated by her eruptions; upon the highest peak of the snowy Rochemelon, among the Alps, is a chapel, to which the inhabitants of the valley annually and with toil ascend, to worship God. So it is, that elevation of place has been in all times held typical of elevation of soul. Certainly, the one tends to produce the other.'

Here Philaster broke off. The company thanked him, and he went his way.

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#### MUSIC AND ECHO.

WHEN into being leapt the infant Earth,  
 Ere Time had taught one lesson of decay,  
 Music from heaven beheld creation's birth,  
 Waved her glad wings, and hither took her way.  
 She leant beside a fountain, and it sang —  
 Spake, and replied the thunder, wind, and sea —  
 Smiled, and at once a world of wings upsprang,  
 And all the air was filled with melody;  
 While Echo, waking in a thousand caves,  
 Shouted again to thunder, wind, and waves!

## L I N E S

## ON THE ADMISSION OF MICHIGAN INTO THE UNION.

Come in, little sister, so healthful and fair,  
 Come, take in our father's best parlor a share;  
 You've been kept long enough at the nurse's, I trow,  
 Where the angry lakes roar, and the northern winds blow;  
 Come in — we've a pretty large household, 't is true,  
 But the twenty-five children shall make room for you.

A present, I see, for our sire you have brought,  
 To add to his dessert — how kind was the thought —  
 A treat of ripe berries, both crimson and blue,  
 And wild flowers to stick in his button-hole too;  
 The rose from your prairie — the nuts from your tree —  
 What a good little sister! — come hither to me.

You've a dowry, beside, very cunningly stored,  
 To fill a nice cupboard, or spread a broad board;  
 Detroit, and Chicago, Ann-Arbor, and more —  
 For the youngest, methinks, quite a plentiful store;  
 You're a prog, I perceive — it is true to the letter,  
 And your sharp Yankee sisters will like you the better.

But where are your Indians, so feeble and few —  
 So fall'n from the heights where their forefathers grew!  
 From the forests they fade — o'er the waters that bore  
 The names of their baptism, they venture no more;  
 Oh, soothe their sad hearts, ere they vanish afar,  
 Nor quench the faint beam of their westerling star!

Those ladies who sit on the sofa so high,  
 Are the stateliest dames of our family;  
 Your thirteen old sisters — do n't treat them with scorn —  
 They were notable spinsters before you were born;  
 Many stories they know, most instructive to hear —  
 Go, make them a court'sy, 't will please them, my dear.

They can teach you the names of those great men to spell,  
 Who stood at the helm, when the war-tempest fell;  
 They will show you the writing that gleam'd to the sky,  
 In the year seventy-six, on the fourth of July,  
 When the flash of the Bunker-Hill flame was red,  
 And the blood gush'd forth from the fields of dead.

There are some who may call them both proud and old,  
 And say they usurp what they cannot hold;  
 Perhaps their bright locks have a sprinkle of gray —  
 But then, little Michy, do n't hint it, I pray!  
 For they'll give you a frown, or a box on the ear,  
 Or send you to stand in the corner, I fear.

They indeed bore the burden and heat of the day,  
 But you've as good right to your penny as they;  
 Though the price of our freedom they better have known,  
 Since they paid for it out of their purses alone,  
 Yet a portion is sav'd for the youngest, I ween,  
 So, hold up your head, with the 'old thirteen.'

*Hartford, (Conn.)*

L. H. S.

## SOLOMON QUIGG: EX-MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE LATE BEN. SMITH, LOAFER.'

'To what base uses may we come at last!'

ON the second step of a 'stoop' in Broadway, sate Quigg — SOLOMON QUIGG, ex-member of the Nineteenth Congress of the United States — casting about in his mind like a melancholy heron, the means and devices for procuring a breakfast. While his large person expanded over the solid bench whereon he sate, his ponderous chin rested on one hand, and the other reposed in his breeches pocket; his eyes, meantime, travelling here and there, as if in search of something to silence the voice of hunger.

His dress was a congress of absurdities — a pie-bald court, to which every tailor's shop in the city seemed to have sent its representative. While one leg of his blue pantaloons draggled on the ground, the other, apparently of a more aspiring disposition, mounted to the very knee. Half his coat was of a mixed gray, while the other moiety, was of a lively crimson. His vest, originally the gift of a strolling player, whom Quigg had once patronized at Washington, had been so often remodelled and amended, that, like the constitution of a small debating society, scarce a shred of the original article remained. The countenance of Quigg had certainly been once expressive: now, the only feature which retained a claim to that appellative, was a bulbous nose, which stood out from his face like the boom of a vessel, with a light run out at its extremity; a beacon of warning to all those who sail the sea of wine, lest, one day, when they dream not, shipwreck may befall them. The mouth, which had doubtless in days past been bearded with scorn, and stiff with haughty feeling, now hung loose and agape, like an old lady's worn-out purse. On the summit of his head rested an ancient, bell-shaped hat, the crown of which had partly given way, and lifted up and down, like the lid of a pipkin, with every passing gust of wind. It seemed to be a convenience, by which the wearer's more devout thoughts might find a shorter road to heaven.

At times as Quigg sate thus, with an elbow on his knee, a tear, despite a certain effort at self-control, would steal from the corner of his eye, and resting for a moment on a crow-foot wrinkle underneath it, run down his cheek beside, just so as to escape his mouth, over his chin, and fall to the ground.

His aspect expressed, to me at least, a certain regret for the past, and doubt of the future. Quigg the congressman was now but a ragged gentleman — a loafer. As he sat upon that cold stone, weeping in tatters, he was, unconsciously, the representative of a constituency larger than his original political one; namely, of that vast body known as decayed politicians — a red-faced, tavern-haunting tribe; fishes who live in an ocean of liquor, and yet are always athirst; the cast off leaders of parties; demagogues out of favor; office-holders thrust into that direst Erebus — *out-of-office*. The cushion of state Quigg had exchanged for a more substantial bench in the open sunshine. No longer a servant of the people, he was the lacquey of his

own sweet will. Abandoning the dress-circle of fashionable life, where he had once revolved a special planet, he looked upon it from a humble corner in the pit. And yet hunger was not so easily to be got over. It is a creditor who takes up its mansion within ourselves, and devours our very seat of life, till it be paid the uttermost farthing. Quigg was in a perplexity.

THE room into which Solomon Quigg was ushered that night, (when he had passed triumphantly through the Marengo, the Austerlitz, and the Waterloo of the day — breakfast, dinner, and supper — was an upper chamber of an old tavern in the second ward of our metropolis. The tavern had once been the ‘head-quarters’ of a dominant political party. At a glance, Quigg read its history. On one side, the remnant of candle which he held in his hand gleamed on the dusty fragment of a flag which had erst waved proudly, illumed with the national stars and stripes. This was rolled up, and on it as a pillow, Quigg laid his unkempt head. Near his right hand, on the floor, reposed a broken fiddle, which had once given forth cheering music to the freemen of the second ward. Against the instrument, reclined the relics of a tin-pan, half through the bottom of which was thrust a mouldering drum-stick, which in its better days had summoned from the cold metal sounds that stirred many a voter’s bosom, and filled many an urchin heart with keen delight. In different corners of the humble attic hung, from pegs and nails, flags, banners, ensigns, and devices of a thousand kinds, setting forth in monstrous capitals the virtues and qualifications of favorite candidates.

But — and this struck the somnolent eyes of Quigg with most force — on a corner of one of the tattered banners were the figures 18 —; the very year in which Quigg himself had been elected, after a fierce struggle, to the American Congress. As he stretched himself for sleep, his hand, by some mischance, struck against a modest pine box, which stood perched just over his head : it came to the floor, and from its bowels rolled forth a heap of dusty papers, folded like doctors’ prescriptions. He seized one of them, and on it found :

*For Congress.*

SOLOMON QUIGG.

Here was a theme for thought. Quigg now lay as it were before a wizard glass, over which passed in gloomy procession the achievements, the glories, and the triumphs, of his past life. In contrast with that bright ‘lang-syne,’ he felt the double bitterness of his present condition. His soul began to stir afresh, and to feel the throbbings of a revived ambition. A thousand plans and enterprises crowded his brain, and all that night he lay restless ; meditating high schemes, and devising new ladders, in this his Jacob’s vision, by which to reach the heaven of his desire. Quigg was once more an ambitious man.

ON the bosom of the East River, cabled to the wharf, floated a light sloop, with its deck carefully scrubbed down, and its red flag floating gaily in the wind. Gently upon the water lay its cool image. From its anchorage to the wharf its tall mast reached, and tipped with its wavy shadow the countenance of a quiet idler, whose head rested on a decayed pile, while his feet hung carelessly over the wharf's end. On board the graceful vessel, extended on his 'abdominal region,' with his twinkling eyes peering at the water, over the sloop's stern, was stretched Solomon Quigg. A group of blue fish had gathered just before him. Perhaps they expected a congressional effort. Ever and anon, Quigg would cast an eye toward the shore, as if in momentary expectation of the arrival of some personage, or the turning up of some matter of importance. About the time when the guard on board a man-of-war's man, which lay anchored in the middle of the stream, had sounded the three o'clock bell, a group of vagabond and listless persons began to gather before the vessel on whose deck Quigg reposed. Rapidly, dozen by dozen, their numbers increased. Every moment the collection became more extended and more motley. Stevedores, wharfingers, a stray custom-house officer — old gentlemen who had come to the neighboring market for fish — all aided in completing the human assortment.

Precisely at five, Quigg arose from his recumbent posture, ascended the rigging to the main-top, there took his stand, turned toward his auditory, took off his bell-shaped hat, cast it on the deck, and made a low and solemn bow, which was received by the vast congregation with nine cheers. He then addressed them in a short speech, something in his old style of eloquence.

He could not resist the temptation of so high a pulpit. It was better, in that respect, than the floor of the house; it gave him a more commanding view of his audience. He closed his harangue with a touching allusion to the difficulty of obtaining a subsistence, and the brevity of life — and leaped! Through the air, like an arrow, Quigg descended to the water. His head cleaved its glassy surface. The lookers-on beheld his descending form, as for a moment his white feet glimmered above the river, and then disappeared. Five minutes elapsed, and Quigg arose not. The crowd thought this a special feat, and gave three cheers. Five minutes more passed, and yet Quigg reascended not to the light. The feat was miraculous. The assemblage burst into three cheers again, heartier and more protracted than ever. A few philosophers among the audience began now to doubt the reappearance of the aquatic diver. The performance was too good to be fictitious. Another five minutes elapsed. An idle friend of Quigg's stepped out from the rabble, and began to whimper.

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THE sun went down, and Solomon Quigg arose not. He had made his last dive. The river was searched, but no mortal relic discovered. In the soft river mud he had found a ready coffin. In its liquid embraces slept forever the person of Solomon Quigg, ex-member of the Nineteenth Congress of the United States. c. n.

## H Y M N .

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

A HYMN more, oh my lyre !  
 Praise to the God above,  
 Of joy, and life, and love,  
 Sweeping its strings of fire !

Oh ! who the speed of bird and wind,  
 And sunbeam's glance, will lend to me,  
 That, soaring upward, I may find  
 My resting-place and home in Thee ?  
 Thou, whom my soul, midst doubt and gloom,  
 Adorest with a fervent flame —  
 Mysterious spirit ! unto whom  
 Pertain nor sign nor name !

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go  
 Up from the cold and joyless earth —  
 Back to the God who bade them flow,  
 Whose moving spirit sent them forth :  
 But as for me, oh God ! for me,  
 The lowly creature of thy will,  
 Lingered and sad, I sigh to Thee,  
 An earth-bound pilgrim still !

Was not my spirit born to shine  
 Where yonder stars and suns are glowing ?  
 To breathe with them the light divine,  
 From God's own holy altar flowing ?  
 To be, indeed, whate'er the soul  
 In dreams hath thirsted for so long —  
 A portion of heaven's glorious whole  
 Of loveliness and song ?

Oh ! watchers of the stars of night,  
 Who breathe their fire, as we the air —  
 Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,  
 Oh, say, is HE — the Eternal there !  
 Bend there around his awful throne  
 The seraph's glance, the angel's knee ?  
 Or are thy inmost depths his own,  
 Oh, wild and mighty sea !

Thoughts of my soul ! how swift ye go !  
 Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,  
 Or arrows from the archer's bow,  
 To the far aim of your desire !  
 Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,  
 Like spring-doves from the startled wood,  
 Bearing like them your sacrifice  
 Of music unto God !

And shall there thoughts of joy and love  
 Come back again no more to me —  
 Returning like the patriarch's dove,  
 Wing-weary, from the eternal sea ?  
 To bear within my longing arms  
 The promise-bough of kindlier skies,  
 Plucked from the green, immortal palms  
 Which shadow Paradise !

All-moving spirit ! — freely forth  
 At thy command the strong wind goes  
 Its errand to the passive earth,  
 Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose ;



Until it folds its weary wing  
 Once more within the hand divine,  
 So, weary of each earthly thing,  
 My spirit turns to thine !

Child of the sea, the mountain stream,  
 From its dark caverns, hurries on,  
 Ceaseless by night and morning's beam,  
 By evening's star, and noon-tide's sun —  
 Until at last it sinks to rest,  
 O'er-wearied, in the waiting sea,  
 And moans upon its mother's breast —  
 So turns my soul to Thee !

Oh thou who bid'st the torrent flow,  
 Who lendest wings unto the wind —  
 Mover of all things ! where art thou ?  
 Oh, whither shall I go to find  
 The secret of thy resting-place ?  
 Is there no holy wing for me,  
 That, soaring, I may search the space  
 Of highest heaven for Thee !

Oh, would I were as free to rise,  
 As leaves on autumn's whirlwind borne —  
 The arrowy light of sun-set skies,  
 Or sound, or ray, or star of morn,  
 Which melt in heaven at twilight's close,  
 Or aught which soars unchecked and free,  
 Through earth and heaven, that I might lose  
 Myself in finding Thee !

## WILSON CONWORTH.

### CHAPTER VII.

'MEN without stirrups look fine, ride bold, tire soon : ' men without discretion cut dash, but knock up all in a crack.'

CORPORAL BUNTING.

I HAVE said the president's *fresh* brought me my suspension-bill ; and with it, I should add, came abundant food for excitement. I had tired of college, and my readings had began to lose some of their interest. I was summoned to the president's study. I had so long been suffered to do as I pleased, without interruption, that I was in hopes no fault save idleness could be registered against me. But I had been watched by my evil genius, the tutor. He had seen me in the city at evening, when I excused myself from morning's exercise, under the plea of sickness. He 'pumped' the family where I roomed ; and when I thought myself most safe, I was in the midst of danger.

'Well, Conworth,' said the good old president, 'I am sorry to inform you, that the government deem it expedient that you should spend a few months in the country. We hope this early lesson will be salutary. You have by no means attended to your studies with proper diligence. We received you, at first, though not properly fitted, at the request of your tutor ; but you seem unwilling or unable to exert yourself to receive the benefits of college instruction ;

ahem! and ——' (the kind old man seemed unwilling to pass sentence) — 'a —— ahem! You are, in short, suspended for six months to B ——, under the care of the Rev. Mr. P ——.'

I took the paper, with a sorrowful face, although delighted at heart; for I had heard B —— spoken of as a delightful place. I was hurrying off to hire a gig, and ride round to my father's through the suburbs, 'for,' thought I, 'I may as well take a ride as I go, and be in time for dinner, too.' And, to show the frivolity of my character still more, I was quite pleased, to think I should get a good dinner that day, and a glass of wine. In short, I received this event as a god-send, because it was something novel.

I was just stepping into the chaise to depart, amid the regrets of some, the sympathies of others, and the good wishes of all my fellow-students, or rather fellow-idlers, when a carriage drove swiftly up to the place, and out jumped my father! The president had written him in the morning, so that he received the letter about the time I got my bill of suspension. He was all consternation. He thought me irrevocably lost. He was as one demented. He asked me to accompany him to my room. The students drew off, in awe and conscience-strickenness, and we were left alone. He looked me full in the face for a few moments, and tears started in his eyes. He brushed them hastily away, and gave vent to the agony of his feelings in a torrent of abuse.

I considered myself ill-treated. I did not see then, as I now see, how he felt. I did not look at his heart as I now do. I took him literally. I told him 'I was ready to seek my own fortune. I could take care of myself. He might discard me, if he chose; there were ways enough to get a support.' I braved him. He was overcome. His sufferings were too much for words. He was in despair. He saw all his hopes cut off, his family disgraced, and me, his eldest son, an outcast from society.

'Come, Sir!' — and we walked down stairs. As we reached the bottom, a herd of people had collected. The news of my suspension had reached the stable-keepers, etc. They flocked in for pay. Bills to an enormous amount were presented. They were paid instantly. Not an objection was made — not a word uttered. After all was settled, my father, who had put on a stern demeanor, got into the carriage, and bade me follow, with the air of an emperor. I was thrown into insignificance by the stateliness of his grief. He did not deign to utter a word to me; and I slunk back into the troublous ruminations of my own conscience.

At last — it seemed an age to me — we arrived at home. A good dinner and a glass of wine seemed to restore in some measure the equanimity of my father. I was watching the workings of his countenance. I drank pretty freely myself, for a boy under sentence, and was vastly polite to my mother. Always thinking of excitement, no sooner did I find my nerves pretty well braced, than, leaving my mother's side, I walked to my father, and stooping down, whispered in his ear: 'Can I have the horses this afternoon?' We had a guest or two, by some chance, that day. My father forgot himself, and thundered out, as if crazed by the magnitude of the request, 'No, Sir!' I was suddenly brought to my senses, from the imprudent for-

wardness of a fool. I slunk away to my room, and buried my face in my pillow, till I fell asleep. When I awoke, I began to suspect that my father knew me better than I thought he did.

The next morning my breakfast was brought to my room, and I was apprized that the chaise would be ready to conduct me out of town in the course of an hour. I inquired for my father, and requested to see him. 'He had gone out; he could not see me; I was to go with the servant.' A letter was banded to me, and with an aching heart, I broke the seal. It was from my father. The letter was kind in the extreme, but it painted in glowing colors the agony of his mind. I seemed to grow acquainted with my father. He was full as much an enthusiast as myself. Trade had buried up a fine character, but nature brought out the brilliant passages of his mind sometimes. Here is the letter :

'MY SON : You are pleased with your situation, I see, and am sorry for it. You afflict me still more. Until you become a father yourself, you can never know the severity of my disappointments. Go, reform your idle habits : make your exile a season of reflection. I forgive you : try to forgive yourself.

'Thomas will go with you. Do not loiter by the way. Avoid your associates. It is they have ruined you. Enclosed is \$100. Use it for necessities and comforts, but be prudent. My hopes are weakened, but not destroyed. Adieu !

'YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.'

I wept over this letter for an hour. My father's goodness overcame me. I knelt down, and solemnly, on my knees, vowed to reform all idle habits, and to be worthy of such a generous parent. I felt relieved, elevated, and strengthened, by this good resolution. I arose, washed my face, ran and kissed my mother, jumped into the chaise, and we were on our way to B — — .

The ride took us all day. It rained, was cold, and every thing looked dreary. My romance hardly bore me out through this trial. If I had parted in anger from my friends — been kicked out of doors, and turned adrift to seek my own bread — my spirit would have risen to meet the emergency, and I should have viewed my case, with my then set of feelings, as one of tyranny and oppression. But now I had no such consolatory thoughts. I had done wrong — been generously forgiven — my pockets crammed with money ; and I could not but view myself as a very bad and culpable young man. Chewing the cud of bitter reflections — wet, hungry, disgusted with myself and the whole world — the servant set me down at the door of the good clergyman, at dusk. I had only time to remark that it was a one-story, yellow house, without blinds or curtains, naked of shrubbery, and barn-like in its appearance.

A little short malignant-looking man came out to see what was the matter. The servant gave him a letter. He kept us standing in the rain while he read it, and then coldly invited me in. Thomas was dismissed without notice. I was shown into a room without fire. He did not even ask me if I had dined. I had not eaten since my slight morning's meal.

For the first time in my life, I felt supremely wretched. I felt to the quick that I was punished. By-and-by I was called from my cheerless, fireless, and almost windowless room, to tea. I looked around for somebody or something to love, but all was stiff, and

formal, and cold. I ate a mouthful, and retired. At nine, I was summoned to prayers. It was a fervent nasal service. My keeper was a violent Hopkinsian. He prayed for me in language I could not comprehend, for it was a jargon of all the Bible terms heaped and strung together into a mass of confusion. But I understood enough to know that I was considered as the most abandoned wretch on earth. I was shocked. His style of addressing the Deity was so gross and familiar, that all my early impressions were outraged, and I was appalled at the idea of hearing God profaned. After prayers, not a word was uttered, except 'You can take that light;' and I went to my room, wondering among what manner of people I was sent for reformation.

My bed was a crazy one — the furniture of my room shabby and time-worn. I had not even the luxury of a basin and towel. Every thing reminded me how miserable I was. Not a cheering thought came to me. A long six months of solitude, vulgarity, profane prayers, and sanctimonious religion, were before me.

My keeper seemed any thing else than a scholar; and the only alleviating thought was, that I could do as I pleased about study. This thought came to me, too, after all my solemn promises at home, over the letter of my father! I did not think I was inconsistent; so incapable was I, at that age, of reflection, or continued exertion of principles, which for the moment struck me with such force. Indeed, all my feelings were temporary, and I was without principle. I had no strong determination. I was the creature of the moment. Now love, now pleasure, now solitude, and romantic musing — each by turns would absorb me. My loves brought no permanent sorrow, if unsuccessful. I solaced myself with some new charmer. It has been so through my whole life. I never have despaired for more than an hour. Some bright hope would always break in to relieve the blackness of a cloudy despair, and I lived again as full of schemes of happiness as ever.

I went to bed that night in loathing of myself and the whole world. The rain poured down in torrents, and the winds shook the windows almost out of the frames. The old house rocked in the blast. I sank to sleep, overpowered by the excess of tears and sighs. In the morning, I was awakened by the sun pouring in at my windows. Elated by this cheerful omen, and refreshed by long and deep slumber, I got up in all the vigor of youth, and the pleasant sensations which affect a youth who is about to see something new.

Going out, I found the house was not far from a river. Vessels were at anchor in the stream, and the water had a saltish taste. I was delighted. I felt happy. 'I am not out of the world,' thought I. We were cheerful at breakfast, and by the time that meal was over, I had got to love the whole family, and could see a thousand beauties in the situation, I had never thought of before.

To one fond of a roving life, what a pleasure it is to look upon vessels! — to go down upon the wharves of a great city, and gaze upon those old weather-beaten travellers! What associations crowd upon you! No wonder so many are fond of the sea. When out upon the waters, in a fine ship, you can turn in any direction fancy may dictate, or profit may suggest. You are, as it were, in the

centre of nations. You are unfettered by laws; you are away from all the weakening ties of home and kindred — weakening, as it regards manly enterprise; you are your own master; you may adopt any course of life you please.

The sight of vessels lying at anchor has always been to me the pleasantest of all sights. With the old storm-worn sailors, too, I feel a near sympathy, so much of whose lives is a constant change and variety. They always seem to me to live in continual excitement. Their lives are a romance; their profession chivalrous; their daring noble. You cannot help feeling a certain respect for them when on the sea, and in the discharge of their duty; though on the land, their ignorance of land habits, and the wild joy they evince, sometimes make them ridiculous and disgusting. Who ever saw a sailor do a mean thing? They are as bountiful as air. They give as long as they have, and when they have not, they are confiding enough in your good qualities to receive; for it takes either a very generous mind, or a very mean one, to receive an obligation with a good grace.

The place, beside, was not without interest. I found a village not far off, and a house or two that promised genteel inhabitants. I spent three months in this place very quietly — without any dereliction of conduct, except the total neglect of my studies. Every morning my conscience rebuked me, and I quieted its alarms, by promising to myself to begin to-morrow, or next Monday, at farthest. These resolutions for the moment settled the whole matter, and I felt elevated in virtue for resolving to do at some future period what I ought to have performed at the present.

However, I read through a small circulating library, consisting chiefly of voyages and travels. I here found Silliman's Journal in Europe, and read it twice. I was charmed with the style, and the interest he contrived to throw about even a ride in a stage-coach. This reading fixed in me a love of travel, I have never overcome. The intervals of reading were spent at the house of a gentleman, a bachelor, who lived upon the ruins of his paternal estate. He was a kind of Mowbray, having the most excellent private qualities, and the worst public ones. He was the most dignified, hospitable, agreeable man in his own house, I ever knew; but abroad, he was insincere, cringing, if necessary, and subservient to the basest political ends. A hypocrite in his religious observances, he was of any religion that suited the present scheme. He never paid his debts, when he could avoid it, although to others he was generous to a fault. He was addicted to no vice, that I know of. He drank not at all, nor used tobacco, although he was constantly urging upon his guests the best wine, and the most expensive cigars. He loved me, I verily believe. His house, his horses, his guns and dogs, were always at my disposal. Though an old man, he treated me as an equal. He talked to me of every thing, and of some things which sent me long strides away from the natural abhorrence of boyhood to low vices.

This man would not have done me an injury, for his right hand; yet so ignorant was he of education, that by mistaken kindness, he did me the worst of injuries. He excited premature passion in my veins; he taught me to drink hard; he made my suspension a scene

of pleasure, whereas it should have been a season of reflection and contrition. I had no time to think, and no good resulted to me.

CHAPTER VIII.

'Och! there is no justice in the Lamb, if heaven is not made for us: an' the everlasting hell, with its brimstone and fire, an' its gnawing an' gnashing of teeth, an' its thirst, an' its torture, an' its worm that niver dies, for the likes o' you.' DAME DARKMANS.

WHEN I had been here about three months, spent in the manner I have attempted to relate, a great revival was intended to be gotten up in the place. Mr. P — began to talk to me about being so much absent from home. He wished to bring me under its influence at his house. As long as he had no purpose to answer, I was suffered to eat and sleep as often as I pleased away from the parsonage. He saved meals by it. He, a minister of the gospel, with the confidence of a college reposed in him, permitted me to go from my duty, for the sake of saving a few potatoes and a mouthful of meat a day. He made money by it. He pretended to care most of all for human souls; he prayed daily in the temple for the salvation of sinners; and yet he suffered me to go on in a headlong career of idleness and folly, when the slightest exertion of authority, or a word about informing my father and the government, would probably have deterred me. He wished to be esteemed a Christian, and still was himself swayed by the most sordid motives.

It would be wrong and illiberal to lay the charge of gross hypocrisy at the doors of such men. They are certainly disqualified to hold the stations they occupy in society; but they are, for the most part, only ignorant of what does indeed constitute the truly elevated and Christian character. They have grown up in the knowledge of words, and plans, and schemes of salvation, but they have never analyzed their own principles. The members of a sect or church, they take for granted that they are governed by principle, when they are only following on blindly where their party leads them. The originators of any sect of religionists are undoubtedly leavened with sincerity, but the proselytism and rancorous hatred of party spirit, buries up the primitive purity of the founder, and the church becomes not so much anxious for Christ's kingdom, as for the victory in the world.

But a revival was to be got up. Mr. P — looked, as he said, for the grace of God to purify me. He did not rely upon human means. He said he did not doubt but that I was sent to his house, by the special providence of God, to be under good influences, and he 'expected I would be a shining light in the church.' I was requested to remain at home, and I did so, more out of curiosity than any other feeling: for, strange to tell, I did not understand what he meant, precisely, and was as insensible to all his exhortations as an infant.

This was at a period when the Calvinistic sect in New-England began to fear and dread the growing influence of a class — we will not call them a sect — denominated by themselves Liberal Christians, in opposition to the bigotry and intolerance of their brethren; a



term which, taken in its true sense, authorizes no laxity of principle, no license of conduct, but which means a high and elevated piety, embracing all men as brothers, holding out the palm of the happiness of heaven to the whole world, and rejecting in its worship and manner of speech all drawling of the words, and in the countenance all undue length of visage ; making religion more a matter of the head and heart, and not so much dependent upon the exterior carriage of the body.

The Calvinists, or orthodox, beheld at this time their power and infallibility doubted, and in some cases contemned. They began to find men, and influential men, too, who dared to think and reason for themselves, upon the subject of religion. With all the good will of the church of Rome, for power and dictatorial authority, they derided the Catholic. Themselves the exiles of a cruel persecution, they forgot their origin and early arguments for liberty of conscience, whenever others differed from them in opinion. So that, grasping at too much, they lost much which they might have retained by milder measures. All means were resorted to, to increase the numerical strength of the sect. They took infants into the church, and admitted little toddling boys and girls to the rights of communion. Whenever it was in their power, they shackled the human mind, hardly strong enough to bear the load of the fetters, and which not unfrequently sunk under a burthen so unnatural to its years.

The spirit of the American people has always been acted on by public meetings. They love to attend gatherings, whether it be a horse-race, a cattle-show, a political wrangling, or a revival. The farmer will leave his plough in the half-furrowed field, and tackling his weary horses to a large waggon, drive his whole family to one of these meetings. The mother will leave her domestic affairs, and the distended udders of the cows, and, Indian-like, taking her infant in her arms, hurry to the revival. The Calvinists have strong men in their ranks, and they have seized upon this national passion, and perverted it to their use. The origin of protracted meetings is the same with the camp-meetings of the Methodists, whence they adopted the plan, save that one is held in houses of worship, and the other in 'God's first temple.' The Methodists, governed we believe by a single motive, gained bravely by the camp-meeting, and the orthodox, fearful of their increase, met them, in the protracted meeting, on their own ground.

As favorable seasons for these meetings occur, the clergy are gathered from the surrounding country, at some specified place. Two or three conversions are noised about the village, as a kind of nest-egg. Prayer-meetings begin to be held in this house and that, gradually increasing in zeal as the multitude are added, until they have excited the spirit of the whole population. Then no respite is allowed for the ardor to cool. Night and day there pours out one continual stream of denunciation and nervous prayer. Some attend from curiosity, some from idleness ; all business is suspended, except the store of the church-merchant, who keeps his back door ajar for sly customers. Children, glad to escape from school, under any pretence, form a large part of the meeting, and indeed all ages and sexes attend, from as many different motives as there are people.

Now the prayers are as abundant as the drops of rain in a shower. An earnestness of manner is assumed, which terrifies the hearts of the young. In churches dimly lighted, at evening, and into the far watches of the night, low and sepulchral voices may be heard in threatening denunciation of sinners.

These men, with their long necks, peaked faces, and lean bones, bending over the pulpit, with a malicious scowl, enough to frighten the devil himself, looked to my young imagination like demons of hell. One convert after another would fall down upon their knees, for this was the sign of 'yielding;' so that in one night sometimes hundreds would be converted, or '*get religion.*' Affrighted nature yielded. No reason was employed, no inducements offered, except exemption from punishment. The happiness of heaven was too mild and refined a theme for them to touch upon, on such occasions. This punishment — the most awful and physically painful they could devise — was threatened with tenfold vengeance, if they neglected the precious present opportunity. Example, fear, love of change, and love of being conspicuous, are not unfrequently the chief agents in revivals in this country, with the young, and love of their pecuniary interests, oftentimes, with the business part of the community. For instance: A man is going to settle in a place where one sect prevails largely, particularly the Hopkinsian sect; his business is of a public nature, or one in which he depends for support upon public patronage; unless he joins that sect, he is thwarted in his business. His store is avoided; his name is erased from the ticket for office; he is made so uncomfortable, that he finally leaves the place. True, he may sell very low, indeed — much lower than the market price; and then he turns the tables, and acts upon the avarice of his opposers, with good success. Thus it is not unusual to find, in villages of small size, the Presbyterian tailor and the Liberal tailor — the Presbyterian apothecary and the Liberal apothecary — and so down to knife-grinder and grave-digger.

These good Christian people forget, or seem to forget, that religion is something to be proved by the life, not the professions. If a man say he is their friend, and his conduct be ever so bad, if he does not offend their prejudices by remarks, he is safe. Subscribe to their creed, and you are safe, no matter whether you go to the church or not. It is all the same to them.

I do not mean to say that I believe there are not good and conscientious Christians among the class of Hopkinsian Calvinists; there are very many, I doubt not; but I *do* mean to say, from my own experience, that the restless, speculating, moving mass of men in business, whose whole souls are absorbed in traffic, and who join this sect for pecuniary advantage, and without any convictions, generally go deep in their exclusive spirit. I mean to say, that the ignorant and illiterate, who have been brought up in this belief, and have received very little education to elevate their minds, are the most sectarian and bitter religious enemies in the world. They make up in zeal and obstinacy of opinion, for their deficiency in practical piety; and the louder they profess, the more credit they obtain.

Go into a Hopkinsian-Presbyterian church, of a Sabbath, and observe the men you have met during the week, in their stores, at

the tavern, and the town-meeting, as they come into church. Their hair is smoothed down in puritanical fashion, and their faces drawn down to imitate the parson. If your eye is upon a rich man, whose honesty and fair dealing is a little questionable, mark the cough, the bluster, to attract attention, as much as to say, 'You see, my brethren, I attend in the synagogue — I am a Christian.'

Returning home from the first meeting, I found several ministers of religion, as they called themselves, at our table. As we sat down, we had an unusually long grace from brother E —, and after we had eaten, another long grace. The conversation at table was chiefly of the clergy. They criticized each other pretty freely, and seemed in most excellent spirits with themselves. They reminded me of the garrulous politeness of an old gourmand, during the ten minutes preceding the dishing of a feast. They expected sport, undoubtedly, from the scenes they were getting up. Their conversation was very familiar, and even gross, upon the subject of revivals, and they used the name of our Saviour with a commonness and irreverence that surprised and shocked me.

I was unnoticed, but I brought myself forward, by asking my neighbor at table if he had ever heard Dr. Channing — and then, as well as I could, I endeavored to give a description of his style of preaching. As his name was mentioned, they simultaneously uttered a low growl, and hoped that my heart might be changed.

At that time, I knew very little of the Bible. I was in love with religion, as a sentiment. I was in the habit of looking upon God as a kind and beneficent father. I had been taught to pray to him with fervor, but still with some sense of the majesty of the being I was addressing. I believed devoutly in the state of a future existence. I hoped to go to heaven to meet my mother. I had no doubt but she must be there, for I knew she was good. I have ever been in the habit of thinking of her as in a state of happiness. To doubt it, would have been appalling to my mind.

You may imagine, reader, what were my feelings, at finding that these men believed, and indeed stated to me, that no person could go to heaven, unless he believed as they did. They spoke it, too, with a sincerity and earnestness of manner, that at first terrified me into the belief that I had been indulging in delusive dreams.

I became, insensibly, much interested in their performances. Meetings were held at all hours of the day during a week's time. The whole town attended. The churches were thronged, and private dwellings overflowed with persons from the age of one year to eighty — old and hoary sinners. Worn out with late hours and constant excitement, their eyes were of an unnatural brightness. Fear of hell was upon them. Many stepped along as if they expected the earth would yawn to receive them. The old and the weak stopped these self-styled saviours in the streets, and besought them, with tears and groans, to save their souls. Lamps burned late in the cottages of the laboring poor. Limbs worn down with labor for bread, were yet required to prostrate themselves for hours in prayer, under the penalty of an eternal damnation. It was as if some mighty judgment was at hand, and each was striving to turn it from his own doors.

But oh! to be in the secret conclave, as I was, after a day spent in this manner! These men would return, with an important, calm, and satisfied look, to the house of the minister. How pleasantly they talked of the great work 'of the Lord!' How coldly, too, they spake of the exercises! — appealing to the minister if he thought this one 'would stick' — that they had brought such a man or woman under — 'if he thought the people would bear any more — must not give too strong food to babes,' etc., — evidently showing, that what they called 'the work of the Lord' they considered as their own.

They were safe. They had no anxieties for their own salvation, but for that of others. Wonderful disinterestedness of human nature! Self-righteous men! Elect of the Lord! — with hearts full of worldliness, and hate for all differing from you in opinion, whether from education, accident, or blind chance — how will you, at that day for which all other days were made, answer to the charge of illiberality, narrow-mindedness, and bigotry, which I, from the recollections of quite early years, here prefer against you!

The most mortifying confession I have to make, is, that *I* was acted on by these jugglers. My nervous temperament did wonders for them. I attended their meetings, and was with them constantly at home. They talked to me incessantly. I replied as I could. I knew nothing of the arguments in favor of liberal Christianity; so I appealed to the arguments of common sense, and reasoned from analogy, while they swept away all I could say, by text after text, in such quick succession as to overwhelm me. I was impressed with a strong belief in the goodness and mercy of God toward his weak and erring creatures — that when I asked to be forgiven, sincerely, he heard and answered my petition. I trusted in him as the rock of ages, and felt confident that he would be satisfied if I did as well I could. But they would have made me believe that he was a God of terrors — that a large part of mankind would inevitably be lost, and that I should be among the number, unless I yielded my stubborn heart to their guidance. I was for a long while insensible. At last, they came to my room at night, after I was in bed, and prayed by my bed-side, and worked upon my already excited imagination, by every species of horrid representation. I did not know enough to order them away; but at last I did pretend to yield, or I did yield, and prayed for pardon. My mind was in a frenzy. They left me as a convert. I was with them the next day, and was marked among the multitude of converts.

Soon after, I wrote to my father, expressed to him the agony of my mind, and besought to leave the place. He obtained the permission of the government to take me home. In a few days after I had been removed from this scene, I was calm. I had been 'through the mill' of a pre-concerted, artificial revival, and felt a secret joy, as if possessed of an experience of some consequence. I know the whole process. I have 'experienced religion,' as well as thousands of others, and in the same way. Is it strange that I doubt the efficacy of such a religion? I never again shall feel with this people. The veil was removed from my eyes when young. I have since often been subjected to this discipline, and whenever I am, this early scene occurs to me, and shields me from imposition of the senses.

It is not impossible that I have a prejudice upon the subject, having 'experienced religion' under unfavorable circumstances. Whether this be so or not, I am sincere in the opinion, that all revivals, got up in a pre-concerted way, are a kind of blasphemy. They act upon the physical nature alone, and pervert to their use those holy and reverential thoughts, that dwell alike in the child of nature, living in the forests, and in the object of education and care. I appeal to all those who have witnessed these scenes, if he ever saw a high-minded, intellectual man freely yielding his influence and his heart to these designs? Why is it, that among the intelligent and enlightened, we find so few converts, unless they go for the express purpose of being *made* converts? Why is it that these men stand aloof from all show of religion — beyond that of being good moral men — except the common Sabbath ordinance? It is because they are disgusted with shallow artifice, and surface-piety; and find no sympathy, and receive no benefit, from a religion founded in ignorance, and supported by misrepresentation.

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S T A N Z A S .

THE ARAB TO HIS WOUNDED STEED.

'A short distance from the scene of conflict, we saw an Arab lying by the side of his wounded barb, with one arm thrown affectionately over his neck. He was lamenting, even with tears, the fate of the faithful animal.'

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

I.

THE blood wells through thy silver mane,  
And down thy panting side;  
No more those hoofs shall spurn the plain,  
That broad chest cleave the tide;  
No more, as flies the swift djerreed,  
Shalt thou the Giaour pursue:  
My trust for safety was thy speed —  
My trust for vengeance too!

II.

No more, my barb, at Zela's call,  
Shalt thou to meet her spring —  
No more my boys their reinless thrall  
Shall gallop at the ring;  
Curse on the spoil! — what worth to me  
Is every plundered gem?  
My household, when they ask for thee,  
How shall I answer them?

III.

Though wealth to buy a hundred steeds  
Weighs down my caftan's fold,  
Not mid Morocco's choicest breeds,  
Not in the Tartar's fold,  
Is there one steed, however fleet,  
Could be to me as thou,  
The music of whose trampling feet  
No more shall cheer me now!

J. R.

## THE CLERK'S YARN.

AN AUTHENTIC TALE OF THE SEA: IN TWO PARTS.

## PART II.

“I WAS born,” said the unhappy man whom we had taken from the wreck, ‘in a small village, on the banks of the noble Hudson, and being an only child, received from infancy more indulgence than would otherwise have fallen to my lot. My parents were in middling circumstances only, but well educated, and genteel, and enabled, in a place where none were rich, and all the necessities of life were cheap and abundant, to maintain a very respectable establishment. I grew up under my mother’s eye, a wild, reckless, and spoiled child. I was fond of books, notwithstanding, and being a youth of some genius, advanced rapidly in my studies, with but little exertion; and it often astonished my teacher, that one whose time appeared wholly devoted to mischief and play, should maintain the head of his class, despite the exertions for superiority on the part of his more plodding and studious, though less talented associates. As I grew up, unchecked by my parents, my passion for mischief increased, and the sober villagers, who were frequent sufferers from my pranks, remarked, with a prophetic shrug, that young De Veaux would certainly come to the gallows at last, in case the state prison did not prevent the sad catastrophe. My heart was not naturally a bad one, and my faults arose rather from the too great license yielded them by over-indulgent parents, than from any innate disposition to crime. Constant intercourse with a couple of medical students, whom our village practitioner was educating, gave me a taste for that calling; and when urged by my father to embrace the study of one of the learned professions, I selected that of medicine, being not a little inclined thereto by the idle life my associates appeared to lead, and the prospect of passing a winter in the city of New-York. I had been upward of two years a student, and had already drank deeply from the cup of sensual pleasure, while attending a winter’s course of lectures in the city; and had returned home deeply skilled in vice and dissipation, when a change suddenly came over my spirit, and a total alteration was wrought in my habits and morals.

“The father of the girl whom you saw on board the ship, a wealthy merchant in the city, was unexpectedly much reduced in circumstances by the villany of a pretended friend, for whom he had largely endorsed; and becoming disgusted with the world, and wounded deeply by the perfidy of one in whom he had placed most implicit confidence, and who owed all he possessed to his friendship and countenance, he determined to retire from business, with the wreck of his fortune, and to settle himself in our quiet village, in the neighborhood of my father, who had been his school-mate in youth. His daughter, like myself an only child, was the agent in effecting this reform; and from the first moment we met, I felt myself a different being. To mild and gentle manners, a sprightly and amiable disposition, which had been highly improved by the tuition of a judicious mother, she added the fashionable accomplishments of the day; and



although surpassing all our village belles in loveliness, she seemed wholly unconscious of her superiority. The affectionate regard she entertained for her parents, and her heavenly smile, first won my attention : and day after day the sight of her added fuel to the flame she had so unconsciously kindled in my bosom. I perceived, soon after our first acquaintance, that my constant visits were any thing but agreeable to her parents, who had received the most exaggerated picture of my follies and vices from the neighbors, by whom I was looked upon as a perfect outlaw. From the intimacy existing between the two families, however, they were forced to tolerate my presence ; and although my advances were met with timidity on the part of the young lady, it was not long before I flattered myself that I could discover strong proofs of reciprocity of feeling in her disturbed and anxious glances. Matters continued in this state for some time — uncertainty as to the lady's attachment, and want of opportunity, preventing me from declaring my passion — when my father suddenly died, from a stroke of apoplexy, and my mother, who had long been in delicate health, quickly followed him to the grave, having never recovered the shock she received at his loss.

“ The merchant no longer thought it worth his while to keep up any show of terms ; but plainly told me, that he could not admit a person of my character into his house ; and that it was only from the respect he had borne my parents, that he had refrained from excluding me, hitherto. Burning with shame and indignation, I left the house, determined no longer to remain in a place so full of gloomy associations, but to sell my property, and to depart for the city as soon as possible. I was led, furthermore, to this conclusion, by the circumstance that there was then a young merchant, of some fortune, and a cousin of the dear girl who was now but a part of myself, passing a few weeks at her father's, with the obvious intent, seconded by her parents, of demanding her hand in marriage. I left the village soon after, with a heart torn with anguish, and with many a sigh for a loss which nothing could repay. She is gone now,” continued the unhappy man, with a groan, “ and I possess not the slightest memento to recall her image.”

“ Oh, by the by,” said I, “ I cut off a lock of her hair, and have it still with me. I thought that at some future day you might be glad to receive such a treasure.”

“ God bless you !” he cried — “ give it to me !” And as I drew it from my purse, and handed it to him, he grasped it convulsively, and pressed it again and again to his lips, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his bosom heaved as if it would have burst. A silence of a few minutes ensued.

“ To continue my narrative,” said he, again addressing me. “ I soon arrived in New-York, and sought out my old haunts and companions. Here I plunged headlong into the wildest scenes of dissipation ; and in the midnight revel, and at the gaming-table, endeavored to efface all remembrance of the past, and to forget the gentle being who had enchained my heart. In this wild course of life, my money soon melted away, and before six months had passed, I was penniless. In vain I sought aid from those who had feasted at my expense, and who had made me a thousand protestations of



friendship. Every purse was closed, and I myself was shunned as one whose touch was contamination. Hungry and weary, I one day strolled down to the wharf, and while listlessly gazing at a brig then about to sail, I heard her captain regretting the loss of one of his crew, who had met with an accident, and whom he would be forced to leave behind, while he had not time to procure another to fill the vacancy.

“I’ll go with you,” said I, starting forward.

“Jump aboard, then, my man,” cried he, mistaking me for a sailor, as I wore a jacket, in the place of my coat, which I had pawned, two day’s before, for food.

“We sailed immediately, and were soon clear of the Hook, on our way to Havana, whither the brig was bound. The captain, quickly discovering that I was a perfect novice at sea, would have sent me back in the pilot boat, had he not been short-handed, and thought my presence necessary to work the ship. As it was, he treated me most brutally during the passage, and I was too inexperienced in nautical discipline not to resent it as far as I dared. Finding my obstinacy but little inferior to his own, and looking on me as a desperado, on our arrival in port he permitted me to leave the vessel. With feelings of utter loneliness, I wandered about, until night had closed around me, when, on turning the corner of a street that led from the square, I saw a person raising a poniard, and about to plunge it into the back of a tall man who had stooped, immediately in front of him, to raise something from the earth. I darted forward as quick as lightning, and dashed the weapon from his hand, while the other, hearing the noise, and turning in time to observe what had passed, struck the assassin a furious blow with a sheathed sword which he carried in his hand, and laid him breathless on the pavement, muttering at the same time some words through his teeth, which I took for Spanish curses. He next addressed me in the same language, but finding my replies were made in English, drawled out, with a twang that savored strongly of Cape Cod:

“You’ve done me a friendly turn, young man, and I thank you for it. ‘D — n that lubberly scoundrel! — he promised me as much; but I thought him too great a coward to attempt it. I’ve settled his hash, though, and it won’t cost much hereafter for *his* messing.’

“While he was running on in this style, I had an opportunity of observing his person more closely. He was full six feet in height, with great breadth and depth of chest, and long sinewy arms, that looked disproportioned to his legs, which were rather small, than otherwise. His face was almost hid by a redundancy of whisker and moustache, and his sunken eyes glared out like meteors from beneath a pair of dark and heavy brows. ‘But who are you? and which way are you going?’ said he, looking me full in the face, when he had finished his malediction. I frankly explained my desperate circumstances; and when my narrative, to which he had listened attentively, was concluded, he said:

“I can serve you. You are just the man I want. You say you have studied medicine. My craft lacks a doctor. I command a schooner, which you may have seen lying off the market-wharf, just under the Moro Castle. Will you go with me?”

“In what trade are you?” inquired I.

‘Why,’ said he, hesitating a moment, ‘may be I’m a smuggler; may be a slaver.’

‘Be it either,’ I added, ‘I will go with you. ‘Necessity has no law; and if I remain here, I shall starve.’

‘Come along then,’ said he; ‘if we stay along side this d—d car-  
rion much longer, the guard will catch us, and clap us in limbo.’

‘Starting off at a rapid pace, we quickly approached the water side. Drawing a boatswain’s call from his bosom, he blew a long, low note, when a small boat, pulled by one man, in obedience to the signal, shot from the schooner, and ran alongside the wharf.

‘Is all ready, Diégo?’ interrogated my companion of the boat-  
man.

‘Ay, ay, Sir,’ was the reply.

‘Jump in, then, shipmate,’ said he to me; and stepping in together, we were quickly on board the schooner. She was a large pilot-boat-built craft, and sat on the water like a duck; but otherwise, she pos-  
sessed nothing remarkable in her appearance. A few men were lolling about, or lying listlessly on deck, when we arrived, who sprang up at an order from my companion, and commenced getting the vessel under weigh. We were soon under all sail, and ran rapidly out past the castle, which, to my great surprise, did not even offer to hail us, although I had heard it asserted that it was a standing order, enforced there, never to permit a ship to pass after sun-down. When we had gained some distance from the land, I observed a number of persons coming up from below, by the fore-hatch, who swelled our crew from ten to at least fifty men. Orders were next given by the captain to get the gun up from below; and all hands busied themselves, for some time, in hoisting a long eighteen-pounder out of the hold, and mounting it on a pivot, which had been before concealed by a tarpaulin. The suspicion that she was a pirate now for the first time flashed across my mind, and must have displayed itself in my countenance; as the captain, who had been closely watching my motions while these occurrences were passing, said to me, with a chuckling laugh:

‘We’re a free trader, you see, my boy, and are forced to go well armed, to look down all resistance. We pay for our goods in iron, most times; and generally seal the bargain with blood. You look pale, though. Do my words frighten you? Come, cheer up. You saved my life just now, and I owe you something for that: so, if you fear the sight of blood, you may stay below, and dress the wounded. That’s the doctor’s place, too, on board a man-of-war.’

‘We cruised for some days off Cape Antonio, and made several rich captures, putting, as I afterward learned, the crews of all to death, without an exception. Some of them made a stout resistance, but all were eventually overcome, and treated alike, without mercy. Neither age nor sex was respected. Many of the pirates were wounded in these rencontres, and I had soon gained their good will by the skill and kindness I displayed in the treatment of the sick when under my charge. I saw none of the murders that were perpetrated, for I kept below; but often have I felt my blood boil within me, when the shrieks for mercy of the unfortunate females, who fell into their hands, reached my ears. I dared not, however,

interfere in their behalf, for I well knew that by so doing I should only risk my own life, while I could not be of the slightest benefit to them. We would at times run into some creek, where the pirates had hiding-places, for the purpose of secreting the booty, where the time was spent in the wildest feasting and carousing. Having received information, from their agents at Havana, that the men-of-war had got wind of us, and would soon be in pursuit, we left the neighborhood of the Cape, and cast farther out to sea; still, however, keeping in the track of the West India traders.

‘One day a large bright-sided ship hove in sight; and as we neared her, I, as usual, went below, and prepared myself for dressing the wounds of such of my companions as might be hurt in the affray. I remained there until the noise incident to the attack and slaughter had ceased. When all was comparatively quiet, I went upon deck, where the pirates were engaged in throwing overboard the bodies of the murdered crew, and lashing the schooner fast to the captured ship. Turning my eyes aft, I saw the slender form of a girl, with her back turned toward me, sitting on the trunk, crouched down, and trembling with fear. To divert my attention, as I found my feelings becoming strongly enlisted in her behalf, I placed myself against the main-mast, and stood gazing at the different operations of the pirates, and watching the captain, who was directing their movements by a continual volley of mingled orders and curses. When he had finished his directions, he strode hastily back to the schooner, and, without noticing me, walked directly up to where the girl was seated, and raising her by the shoulder, in his powerful grasp, said, with a savage leer: ‘Let’s look at your bright eyes, fair one, and taste the sweetness of those ruby lips.’ The poor creature shrank from his touch, with a piteous cry, and gazing wildly around, with an imploring look for assistance, her eyes alighted on mine, which were turned toward her, full of pity and indignation. With all the quick perception of a woman, she recognised me instantly, and darting away from the captain, fell at my feet, and embracing me closely by the knees, looked up earnestly in my face, while the big tears coursed rapidly down her cheeks, and cried: ‘Oh save me! save me! They have murdered my father — they will murder me! You *will* save me!’ and she pressed her pale cheek fondly against my knees, while the wildest afright was depicted in her countenance, and her bosom heaved violently with deep and convulsive sobs.

‘I *WILL* save you, dearest,’ I replied, ‘and wo be to him who shall dare to lay a rude finger upon you!’

‘You will, Sir?’ said the captain, who had been eyeing the scene, with a smile of scorn and derision. ‘Do you presume to threaten me?’

‘Ay, villain!’ I retorted, fiercely, ‘you, or any one else, who shall venture to soil a hair of her head with your foul touch:’ and I shook my clenched hand in his face. Transported with rage at my threat, he seized a boarding-pike which lay on the trunk, and with its staff struck me a violent blow on the head. So sudden was the attack, that I had not time to arrest or shun the stroke. My senses wandered — thick darkness came over my sight — and I fell, insensible, on the deck.

'When recollection returned, I found myself swinging in a hammock, my head throbbing with pain, and my pulse bounding as if ready to burst. 'Where am I? — what has happened?' — said I, as a shadowy and indistinct remembrance of the past flitted across my mind.

'Where should you be, honey, but in my bunk?' said a kind-hearted Irishman, from beneath me, where he was sitting, mending a jacket; 'and little thanks to the skipper, that ye've a head upon ye, to ax the question. By Saint Pathrick! I thought, when I seed the blow he give ye, ye'd have lost the number of your miss; and 'ud be making a straight wake for Abraham's bosom. Sowl of me! but the tatoo the divil beat on the impty whiskey-barrel was a thrifle to it, any how.'

'But how came I here?' I interrupted.

'How should you, but in my arms? Faith, I picked ye off the deck when ye'd no more sinse nor motion in ye nor a dead pig; for ye see I'd a kindness toward ye, for the small mather of setting me shoulther, which ye did so gintly off the Cape, when I unshipped it in a drunken frolic.'

'But where is my unfortunate girl?—what have they done with her?'

'Where,' he replied, 'but in the cabin with the captain, where she's been all night?'

'Good God!' said I, 'then a night has already passed! Heaven have mercy on the poor child! Help me up!'

'Lay still, honey, where ye are,' said he, endeavoring to prevent my rising, 'and keep out of sight of the skipper, or it may be worse for ye.'

'But I would brook no restraint; and leaping out of the hammock, drank a deep draught of water from a can which he offered me, and staggered on deck.

'As I walked aft, the captain came up from the cabin, and turning round, reached down his hand, and drew up from below the almost lifeless form of my unfortunate girl. 'Here,' said he to the mate, thrusting her forward, 'throw this half-dead-and-alive fool overboard. Let's see if her whining will melt the souls of the sharks.'

'Stop, monster!' I cried, and was about to rush upon him, when I was seized, and prevented by some of the men, who stood near, and who held me fast, notwithstanding all my struggles to get free.

'Ah ha!' said the captain: 'so you're there again. I thought I had fixed your flint yesterday. But 'better late than never;' and since you love the trull so dearly, you shall have her all to yourself. Lash them together, men, and tumble them overboard. It would be a pity to separate such a tender couple.'

'No, no!' said a voice from among the crew, who had assembled at the noise, which I recognised as belonging to my Irish friend; 'He has got enough, intirely; and seeing that the woman is his sister, or his grand-mother, or some of his kin, it's but natural that he does not like to see her mislisted.'

'Who disputes my orders?' said the captain, foaming with rage.

'I — I — I —' said a number of voices from the crowd; for, as I have mentioned before, my attention to the wounded had made me

a general favorite with the men. 'We *all* dispute them,' rejoined the first speaker; for, if he has done wrong, he received punishment enough last night, in all conscience.'

'Then you mutiny, and wont obey my orders,' said the captain.

'Here the mate interposed, and for the purpose of quelling the difficulty, which seemed likely to terminate in open mutiny, advised that the girl should be put on board the ship, and left to her fate.

'Then I will accompany her,' said I.

'That you may do and welcome,' said the captain; 'and d — d glad am I to get rid of you: but if we ever meet again ——' and he shook his warning finger fiercely at me, while his eyes glared like a tiger's.

'God send that we *may* meet!' I replied, as I followed the mate, who had carried her on board the ship, in a swoon, into which she had fallen during the discussion, and laid her upon deck. The pirates immediately set themselves at work to cut the lanyards of the ship's rigging, and having effected it, cast off the fasts that bound the two vessels together, made sail, and were soon out of sight.

'With a bosom torn by a thousand contending emotions, I raised the loved form from her prostrate position, and carrying her into the cabin, placed her upon the cot you saw swinging there. By the aid of a little cold water, she at length revived, and opening her eyes timidly, and staring wildly around for a moment, she hastily closed them again, as if to shut out some object of fear, moaning out at the same time, 'Oh! spare me! — have mercy upon me!' Her lips then became dyed with blood, and I perceived, with anguish, that she had burst a blood-vessel in the lungs. 'They have gone, dearest,' said I, seizing her hand, and covering her cheeks with kisses, as I spoke. 'They are all gone. There is no one with you but myself. Open those dear eyes once more. Look at me — speak to me yet once again.'

'Soothed and encouraged by my words, she opened her eyes, and turning them full upon me, while her countenance beamed with affection, she said:

'I knew *you* would not desert me: but they have murdered my father — my poor dear father!' — and streams of tears rolled down her cheeks, as her mind dwelt upon the scene.

'Be calm,' said I, 'for my sake — for your own, pray be calm. See! there is blood issuing from your mouth; and you but increase its flow by your emotion.'

'I feel that I shall not long survive,' she replied, in a melancholy voice. 'I do not desire to live. Oh! the horrors I have passed through!'

'You will live long, yet,' said I, endeavoring to comfort her: 'I will love you, watch over you, be always near you. Some vessel will fall in with us, and take us on board. We shall once more be happy — you will yet be the wife of one who ——'

'Never!' she cried, earnestly — 'never! Would you marry the polluted being you now see before you? Would it be a proof of affection in me to attach disgrace to you, by accepting so generous a sacrifice? No — it can never be!'

'In a voice gradually weakening, she found words to express her

undiminished affection for me, and to inform me that, broken in spirit by the opposition of her parents to a union with me, and their endeavors to effect a 'match of interest' with her cousin, her health had gradually declined, until a change of air and scene was deemed essential by her physician. To this her affrighted father — having lost his wife a short time before by consumption — readily consented, and with his daughter, took passage for New-Orleans, a few days afterward, in the vessel which met the disastrous fate I have already described.

'While the dying girl was yet speaking, in broken sentences, the masts, which were no longer supported by the rigging, at a deeper roll of the vessel suddenly went by the board, with a tremendous crash. Startled by the noise, she sprang violently up in the cot, while streams of blood gushed from her mouth at the exertion. I used all the remedies that were at hand to stop it, but without effect. She grew weaker every minute, and though at length the discharges became less frequent, her last moment was evidently approaching. 'I am dying!' said she, in a languid voice: 'my eyes are becoming darkened. I shall see you no more! Press my hand — there, there — may heaven bless and preserve you, dear Charles. Oh, my Saviour! receive my spirit!' And having uttered these words, she sunk back — a corpse.

'I cannot describe my feelings at this dreadful bereavement. I tore my hair in agony, and, I believe, raved and blasphemed like a madman. I know little of what passed, from that time until you discovered me; for a settled feeling of despair was brooding over my soul; and I neither sought to preserve my life, nor regarded any thing around me.'

'I was about to offer him some words of sympathy,' continued the clerk, 'when our attention was arrested by the cry of 'Sail ho!' 'Where away?' cried the captain. 'Broad off the lee-beam,' was the reply; and all eyes were turned in that direction. The wind being light, she rapidly neared us; and when her hull became distinctly visible, my friend, who was gazing intently at her through the spy-glass, suddenly exclaimed, as he dropped it from his eye:

'It's the villanous pirate; I know her by the new cloths in her fore-sail.'

'She looks suspicious enough,' said the captain; 'and if she attacks us, we must only defend ourselves to the last gasp; for, by every thing holy! I shall never yield myself up alive to the murderous wretches. Muster the crew aft, Mr. Tompkins,' he continued, addressing the mate.

'The crew were soon assembled on the quarter-deck, when the captain, pointing to the schooner, said:

'Do you see that craft to leeward, my boys? She's a pirate. If we are captured, we shall assuredly be murdered, and if we fight, it's true, we may be killed; but then there exists a strong hope of our being successful in beating her off. Which do you choose? To fight or strike?'

'To fight!' they cried out, with one accord.

'I thought so, my boys,' said he, rubbing his hands with pleasure; 'and depend upon it, I'll stand by you to the last. Give them all a



glass of grog, steward; and then to your guns, my hearties. It's my intention to run the villain down, if possible; and there's a squall rising to windward that may second the attempt. So keep your ears open, and listen attentively for my orders.'

'Our crew went briskly to the guns, and all was ready for action in a short time. Not many minutes had elapsed, when the schooner ranged up under our lee, at some little distance off, and brailed up her fore-sail, as she was forging ahead too rapidly. 'Lay your main-topsail to the mast, and send a boat with your skipper aboard of us!' hailed a tall figure, from her quarter deck.

'See you d — d first!' was the polite retort. 'Blaze away, men!' and at the word, an iron shower burst forth from our lee guns, and swept, hurtling and hissing, over the deck of the pirate, dealing death and destruction in every direction; for the men had loaded the guns nearly to their muzzles with every missile they could lay their hands upon. It was manifest that the reception they had received was wholly unexpected on the part of the pirates; and that our volley had thrown them into complete confusion, as the discharge from their long gun did us no injury, and their fire of musketry was irregularly maintained, and badly aimed. 'Now is your time, my boys!' exclaimed the captain; 'our smoke has blinded their eyes; and here comes the squall. Jump over to windward, some of you, and round in the weather-braces. Hurry, men — hurry! Hard a-weather the helm — for life, hard a-weather! Belay the braces! Forward, men — all of you — and cut down every soul who attempts to board! Show the dogs no mercy!'

'My friend had been leaning, cutlass in hand, against the main rigging, while these scenes were transpiring, eyeing the schooner with a frowning brow, and apparently husbanding his forces for a more favorable opportunity. The squall came rattling down upon us, and the brig, falling off from the wind, in obedience to the helm, and impelled by the increasing blast, darted forward with redoubled speed, like a courser from the spur. The pirate, perceiving our intention, endeavored to haul his fore-sheet aft, but it was too late. Onward we came, with the speed of light — the waters flashing and foaming under our bows, and the masts bending like reeds. With a startling shock, the brig struck the schooner just abaft the fore-shrouds, and cut her down instantly to the waters' edge, while she heeled so far over at the blow, that the sea rushed in torrents down her hatches. Sinking rapidly, and still pressed forward by the brig, her fore mast gave way, and her stern swinging round, she lay for a moment side and side with us. Her horror-stricken crew now endeavored to board, but were all cut down in the attempt, in spite of their craven cries for quarter.

'At this moment, my eyes were turned in search of my friend. He had mounted the rail, and was in the act of springing on board the schooner. I rushed forward to prevent the deed, but arrived, only in time to see him alight full on the shoulders of the pirate-captain, whom he bore down before him to the deck. With looks of the most deadly hate and revenge, they grappled each other. Just then the schooner swung clear of us, and with a heavy plunge went down head foremost, carrying with her both the avenger and his



victim, who, till the waters closed over them, continued their fierce struggles, and sunk at length, locked in each other's arms.'

'Mr. Tackle!' said the officer of the deck, popping his head above the break of the forecastle, 'what! — sitting down in your watch? I am ashamed of you, Sir. I have hailed the forecastle three several times, and yet could get no answer. I really thought all hands forward had tumbled overboard. If this should occur again, I will send you below.'

'Smith,' said Tackle to the look-out, when the officer had gone, 'I thought I told you to keep an eye aft?'

'That 's true, Sir,' replied he, touching his hat, respectfully; 'but I got so taken up by the story of the poor young lady, that I forgot all about it, Sir.'

W. J. P.

# L I N E S

## ON THE WICKEDNESS OF THE NORTH-WEST WIND

YE temperance societies,  
Who drunkenness eschew,  
Please to indict the north-west wind  
For making people blue!  
Go forth, like David, armed with *slings*,  
Against the tyrant foe,  
That hates your cause, and will not let  
Your darling liquor flow.

Its very name is given that drink  
Of which ye are detesters;  
Tars call their devil's horns' of grog,  
If strong, 'good stiff nor'-westers';  
And from the self-same fact, no doubt,  
When they're with drink half blind,  
It's quite a common thing to say,  
They're 'three sheets in the wind.'

Nor is this all. I heard it once,  
As I did kneel to pray,  
Profanely whistling round a church,  
Upon a Sabbath day!  
Ah! while this 'chartered libertine'  
Pursues his frosty frolics,  
Vain is your puritanic whine —  
Cold throats can't go hydraulics.

But if ye wish mankind to drink  
Nought else but Adam's ale,  
And think that rum their souls will place  
Outside of Mercy's *pale*,  
I'll tell you what 't were best to do —  
Yea, by the beard of Graham!  
Fine 'em whenever they get blue,  
And when they do n't, why pay 'em!

I've done. This short and simple song  
Let none misunderstand;  
I swear by all that 's water-proof,  
I'm with you, throat and hand!  
By rich and poor, by large and small,  
I'm held a temperance trump,  
And always doff my beaver, when  
I chance to pass a pump.

AQUA PURE.

## PEDEOLOGY.

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'FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT CÆLUM.'

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*To the Editors of the Knickerbocker:*

GENTLEMEN: Feeling himself seriously aggrieved, the undersigned takes the liberty of addressing you, and asking justice at your hands.

The important, interesting, and novel science of *Pedeology* was first introduced to the attention of the public about eighteen months ago, by the undersigned, who has since been explaining its principles in different parts of the country, with great success, and to its doctrines he has made innumerable converts. Knowing himself to be the discoverer of this new science, it was with no little surprise that he read in your magazine for February, an article over the signature of 'M. H.,' in which the writer claims to be the original discoverer, and is thus endeavoring to rob the true author of the fame he has been at so much pains to establish.

With much self-satisfaction your correspondent exclaims, 'I too am a discoverer!' But what has he discovered? I answer, that which had been discovered before; a science which had been familiarly explained to wondering thousands, and which had been publicly announced, not only in the newspapers of the west, but in your own city. He must have been aware of these facts, and yet he has the effrontery to announce himself as the discoverer and founder of the science of *pedeology*, in the face of the rightful claims of another. But it has been the fate of genius to be trampled upon by impudence, and impudence has often accomplished what has been denied to modest merit. The undersigned trusts, however, that his countrymen will do him justice, and not permit an empiric to filch from him his laurels, and usurp a title to which he has not the shadow of legitimate claim.

Expanded as is the intellect of man, and powerful as are his reasoning faculties, still he cannot instinctively know all that appertains to the works of nature, or the operations of the mind; he cannot know the mode of action, or the final destination of the immortal part of man. His unassisted reason can comprehend but few things in nature. Hence the Supreme Being has kindly raised up philosophers, in different ages of the world, whose superior genius has enabled them to draw aside the veil which conceals the mysteries of nature, make important discoveries in science, and proclaim principles for the more complete and profound elucidation of the wonderful works of creation, continually presented to their view, and which, without their aid, would be forever concealed from the knowledge of mankind. For such purposes, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, and a host of others, appeared in the old world, and Bacon, Newton, Locke, Descartes, La Place, and, though last not least, myself, in modern times. This may sound like egotism to some ears; but egotism is pardonable, when a man is about to be robbed of the honor of a discovery, the result of a long and profound study, and which is destined to affect all future ages. Even to the charge of egotism I may plead justification, on another score — that of following the example of men better known to fame.

Your correspondent, although he claims to be the discoverer of the science of pedeology, is manifestly ignorant of its fundamental principles, or he would never have placed the most important organs on the *heel*. He has shown conclusively, that instead of being at the head of his profession, he is himself at the *heel*. He has probably read some of my former publications, in which I threw out some hints, and he has thus obtained a smattering of the science; but he has been unable to comprehend its extent, or its value in ameliorating the moral condition, and exalting the intellectual character of man. *Pedeology*, gentlemen, is a most noble science, unfolding in its progress most astonishing discoveries, which it would take a volume to display. It is not, like some sciences, limited in its sphere of action, but is capable of embracing every people and every nation; and every rank and profession, grade and order of society, would derive important benefits from its study. It concerns the most important functions of man's nature, and involves considerations connected with his present and future welfare. It concerns the manifestations of his physical powers, as exhibited in the connection of one of the most useful members of the human body with the seat of thought; the development of his intellectual faculties, and his animal propensities and passions—subjects of deep interest to man during his brief sojourn in this 'vale of tears'—all which are explained, according to the sound principles of inductive philosophy. An accurate acquaintance with the principles of this science better fits man for the discharge of his duties to his Creator and to his fellow men, than any other system of philosophy that has been proposed for his consideration, either in ancient or modern times.

The term *pedeology*, as applied to the new science, is compounded of the Latin word *pede*, signifying, in the vulgar tongue, the *feet*, and the Greek word *logos*, a discourse, meaning a discourse on the feet. I am thus particular in explaining the derivation of the word, for the benefit of your unlearned readers, and defy any of the disciples of Horne Tooke, Noah Webster, or the most skilful philologist of the age, to compound a word more expressive. The term *phrenology*, applied to a boasted science of itinerant lecturers and scientific quacks, is not so skilfully compounded, because it is not so expressive. *Phrenology* indicates a discourse on the mind, whereas, according to the aforesaid itinerants, one of the leading objects of the science is to infer the intellectual powers, feelings, and propensities of man, from the bumps on the cranium, which bumps, as can be readily proved, have no connexion whatever with the operations of the mind. Hence, *phrenology* is a misnomer. *Bumpology* would be a term much more applicable. I admit, as has been observed, that there is a remarkable coincidence between my own name and that of the science. It was, in fact, the peculiarity of my name, (for which I am indebted to my ancestors,) that first led me to reflect upon the connection between the feet and the brain, and in my own person I first made the discovery.

It is an ancient doctrine, that the mind and body exert a mutual influence, each upon the other; that they are so closely united, that nothing but death can separate them. Upon this foundation rested the most celebrated systems of ancient philosophy; upon this founda-

tion, also, rest the most approved of modern systems; but others are so ethereal that, fearful of being rendered obnoxious to the charge of materialism, they discard the union of mind and matter. The connection between mind and matter is a fundamental doctrine of the noble science of which I am the originator, for the obvious reason, that mind cannot exist without matter, and matter without mind is but a senseless mass.

Pedeology asserts, and not only asserts, but incontestibly proves, by a series of well-established facts, by analogy, by induction, by anatomical demonstrations, that there is an intimate connection between the brain of man and his feet, and that this connection also exists between the feet and brain of the lower animals, from the mouse to the mammoth, the humming-bird to the condor of Peru: and hence, that in the organs of the feet are clearly displayed the intellectual powers and capabilities, and the prevailing propensities of man, and other animals. I have examined the feet of the humming-bird, and the paw of the lion, and have thus ascertained, beyond question, the truth of the fundamental position I have laid down. In the important particular above alluded to — that is, the connexion between the feet and the brain — pedeology differs from the kindred science of phrenology, which refers every thing to the protuberances on the cranium — a doctrine utterly fallacious and unsound, continually leading to false conclusions. So plainly do the nerves, toes, and joints of the foot, declare the character of man, that he who runs may read. In the true system of pedeology, the *heel* constitutes but a single organ, and that of the lowest grade. It is there the organ of *theft* is situated, and if 'M. H.' will examine *his own heel*, he will no doubt find a powerful development of the organ.

If I had leisure, I would enter into a full and minute description of the various theories recognised by the science; but I will only remark, that a man's physical as well as mental powers are more certainly indicated by the shape of his feet, than by the conformation of the skull, the form of the nose, or the glance of the eyes. Pedeology is much more certain in its deductions than either phrenology or physiognomy. If Lavater were now living, I am sure he would abandon his favorite doctrines as unsound and unphilosophical, and embrace those of pedeology. I am equally sure, that the comprehensive and discriminating mind of Spurzheim would have admitted their truth, without hesitation.

As my learned rival has said, it is a new science. It has not yet had time to make its way among the learned and the unlearned. It is to be expected that its leading principles will be assailed by would-be philosophers, and would-be wits. Such has been the fate of other sciences and other discoveries. Gallileo was imprisoned by the holy fathers of the inquisition, for maintaining that system of astronomy now universally acknowledged as the true system of the universe. Fulton was ridiculed as a visionary, when he first applied steam to the propulsion of boats against the current of our mighty rivers. But philosophy and genius triumphed over ignorance and prejudice; and the Ohio and Mississippi, the Hudson and the St. Lawrence now proclaim his glory. Thus will it be with pedeology. As its principles and doctrines are more diffused, the learned and the

unlearned will unite in its support. It is a science of facts, not speculations — of philosophical deductions, not visionary theories. Thus supported, it must be successful. '*Magna est veritas et prevalebat.*'

I am, Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

HENRY JAMES PEDE, P. D.

#### THE FOSSIL FLOWER.

DARK fossil flower! I see thy leaves unrolled,  
 With all their lines of beauty freshly marked,  
 As when the eye of Morn beamed on thee first,  
 And thou first turn'dst to meet its welcome smile.  
 And sometimes in the coals' bright rain-bow hues,  
 I dream I see the colors of thy prime,  
 And for a moment robe thy form again  
 In splendor not its own. Flower of the past!  
 Now as I look on thee, life's echoing tread  
 Falls noiseless on my ear; the present dies;  
 And o'er my soul the thoughts of distant time,  
 In silent waves, like billows from the sea,  
 Come rolling on and on, with ceaseless flow,  
 Innumerable. Thou mayest have sprung unsworn  
 Into thy noon of life, when first earth heard  
 Its Maker's sovereign voice; and laughing flowers  
 Waved o'er the meadows, hung on the mountain crags,  
 And nodded in the breeze on every hill.  
 Thou may'st have bloomed unseen, save by the stars  
 That sang together o'er thy rosy birth,  
 And came at eve to watch thy folded rest.  
 None may have sought thee in thy fragrant home,  
 Save light-voiced winds, that round thy dwelling played,  
 Or seemed to sigh, oft as their winged haste  
 Compelled their feet to roam. Thou may'st have lived  
 Beneath the light of later days, when man,  
 With feet free-roving as the homeless wind,  
 Scaled the thick-mantled height, coursed plains unshorn,  
 Breaking the solitude of nature's haunts  
 With voice that seemed to blend, in one sweet strain,  
 The mingled music of the elements.  
 And when against his infant frame they rose,  
 Uncurb'd, unawed by his yet feeble hand,  
 And when the muttering storm, and shouting wave,  
 And rattling thunder, mated, round him raged,  
 And seemed at times like demon foes to gird,  
 Thou may'st have won with gentle look his heart,  
 And stirred the first warm prayer of gratitude,  
 And been his first, his simplest altar-gift.  
 For thee, dark flower! the kindling sun can bring  
 No more the colors that it gave, nor morn,  
 With kindly kiss, restore thy breathing sweets:  
 Yet may the mind's mysterious touch recall  
 The bloom and fragrance of thy early prime:  
 For He who to the lowly lily gave  
 A glory richer than to proudest king,  
 He painted not those darkly-shining leaves,  
 With blushes like the dawn, in vain; nor gave  
 To thee its sweetly-scented breath, to waste  
 Upon the barren air. E'en though thou stood  
 Alone in nature's forest-home untrod,  
 The first-love of the stars and sighing winds,  
 The mineral holds with faithful trust thy form,  
 To wake in human hearts sweet thoughts of love,  
 Now the dark past hangs round thy memory.

## THE KNOUT.

BY AN ENGLISH MERCHANT, RESIDENT AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM the time of my arrival in the Russian capital, one of the sights which I was particularly anxious to witness, was that of a criminal undergoing the knout. This gratification, however, is much more difficult to be obtained than a person accustomed to the publicity given to every act connected with the administration of justice in England will easily understand. There, the law wisely considers punishment in the light of aiding in the prevention of crime, by exhibiting, in as awful a manner as possible, the unavoidable and dreadful consequences of convicted guilt, rather than as an act of retribution on the guilty offender. In Russia, it seems nearly the reverse: here, as an example, it is disregarded, and assumes in a great measure the aspect of barbarous and unmeaning revenge. The whole proceedings of the courts of justice are conducted, if not with absolute secrecy, at least without any steps being taken to make their proceedings public. No part of the trial or sentence is ever published; and when the criminal is at last convicted, (and years, I understand, sometimes elapse before the proceedings terminate,) the punishment takes place, not in the heart of the city, but in a remote corner, and at an hour earlier than even an Old Bailey execution.

The brutal punishment of the knout being exclusively confined to Russia, my curiosity was naturally excited to witness it, more especially as very few indeed of my countrymen have had an opportunity of doing so. To gratify this morbid longing after the horrible, I applied to every friend who I thought had the slightest chance of assisting me; but being acquainted with no one connected with the criminal courts, I feared that all my efforts would be in vain, and that though I were to reside in Russia till the end of my days, I should be baffled in my purpose of beholding a public execution. It is not from all this to be inferred that I am more cruel than my neighbors; yet in every country in which I have been — and I have visited more in every quarter of the globe than most people can boast of — I have endeavored to be present at *one* execution; more than one I had no desire to see. Hanging I had seen in my native land, beheading in France and Germany, and the bow-string in China. I saw them while I abhorred them. They were part and parcel of the marvels with which every man is to bring home with him on his return from foreign parts: more than this, they were curious leaves, displaying on their respective pages national pictures — national characteristics. The manners and genius of a nation show themselves not less in their penal inflictions than in other circumstances. The refined and ingenious French destroy criminals upon scientific principles, through the prompt and mechanical agency of the guillotine. The plainer Germans decapitate by means of the sword. The semi-barbarous Turks and Chinese strangle with the bow-string — a disgusting and painful death. The English mode of destruction by means of the cord and the drop, is an improvement on the Turkish fashion — less horrible to look at, and undoubtedly accompanied by less suffering; but



still, coarse and savage, and not a little characteristic of the rough and stern cast of the national mind. The Russian system of the knout is the worst of all. It is the suggestion of a barbarous age, and would only be submitted to by a slavish and rude people. Such a mode of destroying life would not be tolerated for one day in England, France, Sweden, or any country where freedom and civilization prevail. But to return.

Late one evening, when nearly despairing of success, I received a note from an acquaintance, informing me that a criminal was to be *knouted* on the following morning, at seven o'clock. He mentioned his name, which at present I forget, but it then recalled to mind the circumstances of the case, which I had heard related a few days before; and they were of so atrocious a nature, as to render it impossible for even the most sympathizing heart to have the slightest sympathy with the parricide—for such he really was. His father was a respectable tradesman, occupying a shop in the Gostinnoi Door; a man, from all I could learn, remarkable for sobriety and industry. His son was entirely the reverse, being idle, dissipated, and worthless. One day, having received some well-merited rebuke from his father, he seized a knife, and, in the presence of the whole family, plunged it into the body of the old man, who died upon the spot. He was immediately seized and disarmed, and, after a wonderfully expeditious trial, for Russia, sentenced to the knout. The blows adjudged for infliction amounted to one hundred and one—this number being considered equivalent to a sentence of death. A *direct* sentence of death is by the law of Russia abolished, except for military and state crimes.

The following morning, accompanied by the friend from whom I received the intimation, I repaired, between six and seven o'clock, to the place of punishment, which is in a field where a horse-market is held, on the banks of the Ligasa canal, rather more than a mile from the Admiralty. The neighborhood of the place exhibited so few of the appearances of an approaching execution, that at first we thought that we had been misinformed; but, on entering the field, the stake planted in its centre, a garrison battalion drawn up on one side, and some scores of people lounging about, showed that our information had been correct. From being so early on the ground, we had a good opportunity of examining the preparations for the execution. They were simple enough. A strong flat stake, and a few mats laid on the ground, formed the whole that were visible. The stake was nearly five feet high, planted very firmly in the ground, and sloping about eight or ten inches off the perpendicular. In thickness it was about four inches, but its breadth was very unequal, being fully two feet at the top, and tapering gradually groundward to the earth, where it was not above eight inches. On the top, it was hollowed out into three semi-circles—the central one being appropriated for the neck, and the two others for the arms of the criminal. Near to the ground, the stake was penetrated by a hole of some two or three inches in diameter, for the reception of a cord wherewith to bind the malefactor's ancles. The mats were spread out on one side of the stake, for the purpose, as I imagined, of making the footing of the executioner as firm as possible.



Exactly at seven o'clock, a bustle among the military attracted our attention; and on looking round, we saw the criminal approaching on foot, guarded by four dismounted *gen-d'armes* with naked sabres, accompanied by several officers of police, and followed by two executioners — each bearing under his arm a bundle, which we afterward found contained knout thongs. The battalion now formed a hollow square, three deep — the police, executioner, and criminal, being in the centre.

No sooner had the soldiers taken their ground, than a rush ensued among the crowd to secure good situations, and in the scramble I was separated from my friend, whom I did not again see till after the execution. So shoved about was I by the crowd, that at one time I thought I should have missed seeing the ceremony, after all. However, the soldiers saved me from this disappointment, as they politely received me into their ranks, and I was at once placed within a few yards of the criminal, where I had an uninterrupted view of every thing that was going on. Immediately upon the square being formed, the military presented arms, and the crowd uncovered their heads, while the principal officer of police in attendance read the emperor's warrant for the execution. This being done, the criminal was delivered over to the executioners.

Even at this moment, when the prisoner was naturally the chief object of interest, my attention was strongly arrested by the appearance of the principal executioner, so much so, indeed, that I had the curiosity to inquire afterward into his history. His name, if I recollect aright, was Kozloff: he originally belonged to the higher class; but, for cruelties committed upon his peasants, which, I believe, in some cases extended even to the commission of murder, he was degraded and sentenced to the knout. From this he saved himself by volunteering to his present situation. He was, I think, without exception, the coarsest specimen of humanity that I ever beheld. His age seemed to be about fifty: his stature was greatly beyond the average, and in spite of a stoop, must by some inches have exceeded six feet, while his shoulders were immoderately broad, his body large, without corpulency, and his limbs bulky and athletic. A profusion of dark-colored hairs, or rather bristles, enveloped his head: his complexion was of a fierce mahogany tinge, while his huge, uncouth, shapeless features wore an expression in which it was impossible to say whether ferocity or stupidity most predominated. The assistant of this male Gorgon — this ogre in the form of man — was about twenty-two years of age, and the reverse in every respect of his principal. I cannot describe him better than by saying that he formed one of the most favorable specimens of a young Russian peasant I ever met with. He had been originally a postillion in the service of the Grand Duke Michael; but being implicated in a robbery of his imperial highness's baggage, he, like his chief, to save himself from the knout, volunteered to the same execrable service. Both these men are kept constantly in prison, and are only brought out when their revolting task is to be performed. My informant mentioned, at the same time, that Kozloff seemed sunk in misery and despondency, except when he managed to procure the means of intoxication, and then he becomes absolutely furious. Dear must

life be to some men, when a bare subsistence is purchased on such terms !

I must now describe the criminal. He was apparently about twenty-five years of age, very full-built, but of low stature, with a countenance of that stolid description which defies all the science of the physiognomist. Though near him, and anxious to read in his features the workings of the mind within, I could neither trace remorse, ferocity, nor fear. He seemed perfectly callous to his situation, and while sentence was being read, he deliberately took off his cap, and prepared himself with perfect coolness for his punishment. Having thrown aside his caftan and shirt, and having nothing on but his trowsers and boots, he approached the stake with a firm step, and was duly fastened to it by the executioners. This done, these functionaries threw off their coats, and got ready the instruments of torture. The knout consists of a handle about a foot long, with a piece of twisted hide of the same length. To this hide is attached, by a loop, a piece of thong prepared to almost metallic hardness, in length about four or five feet, perfectly flat, and an inch broad : it is changed after every six or eight blows, as it is considered unfit for use when it becomes soft.

The principal executioner having placed himself within five or six feet of the prisoner, with the thong of the knout on the ground, rather behind him, then drew it forward, raising it slowly and steadily till it had attained the proper elevation, when he brought it down with tremendous force upon the middle of the criminal's back, leaving a deep crimson mark of nearly an inch in breadth, extending from his neck to the waistband of his trowsers. Upon receiving the blow, the wretch uttered a scream, or rather a yell of agony, and every fibre of his body seemed in a state of violent and instantaneous contortion. With scarcely any interval, the blow was repeated, followed by the same result — the same frightful yell — the same appalling shudder. The second mark appeared about an inch from, and parallel to, the first : a third, fourth, and fifth blow followed, in quick succession, when the operator stepped aside and resigned his place to his assistant. The blows from the latter were light when compared with those inflicted by the elder executioner, more so, indeed, than the difference between their size and strength, great as it was, might seem to justify. After giving eight blows, the assistant retired in his turn, when his principal, who in the meantime had fitted on a fresh thong, resumed the dreadful task. He was again succeeded by the young man, who in like manner had renewed the efficacy of his weapon by a similar process of renovation. In this manner did they continue mutually relieving one another ; and, at each relay, adding a new thong, till the destined number of blows were inflicted on the lacerated back of the parricide. About the fiftieth stroke, his struggles having partially loosened the fastenings, it was found necessary to stop and have them fixed more firmly. From the first till about the twentieth blow, each was followed by the same scream and convulsions ; from the twentieth till the fiftieth both gradually became weaker ; the latter indeed had degenerated into a sort of shivering. After the fiftieth, both ceased : the criminal's head fell to one side, and though each touch of the knout

brought with it a convulsive shudder, he seemed to be perfectly unconscious of pain.

The punishment concluded, the chief executioner took some instruments from his bag, and with them marked the malefactor on the forehead, on each cheek, and on the chin. This, I understand, was merely a form typical of branding, which, as well as slitting the nostrils, was always inflicted upon a knouted criminal, until the humanity of the Emperor Alexander prompted him to abolish both practices. The marks are now made with a cold instrument, and are, I believe, easily effaced.

The criminal's back now exhibited a horrid spectacle. It was one mangled, bloated mass, of a deep crimson hue ; yet still, mangled as it was, no blood ran from it. A common cart having been drawn into the square, the executioners untied the strap by which the malefactor was fastened to the stake, and, with the assistance of the *gend'armes*, carried him to and placed him in the cart, throwing his shirt lightly upon him, then his *caftan*, then a mat over all. When removed from the stake, he was quite insensible ; so much so, that I did not suppose he would survive till he reached the hospital : but I was mistaken ; for upon observing him attentively, after being placed in the cart, I perceived that he had so far recovered as to attempt to move one arm. I could not observe any surgeon attending the execution ; nor indeed would it have been of any consequence, as the number of stripes is specified, and, whatever happens, they must be administered.

He was driven off to the prison with the same guards and attendants as at first ; the whole affair, from the arrival till the departure of the criminal, not exceeding twenty minutes. What became of him afterward, I could not learn ; but I have little doubt that in a few days he died from the fever and mortification that were likely, or rather certain, to follow such severe injury. On the event of his recovery, he would be sent to end his life in the mines of Siberia, and this could scarcely be called the least part of his punishment. Such is the knout.

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#### S I M I L E S .

##### I.

THERE'S a cloud in the east — 't is like night in its hue,  
But the rifts in its gloom reveal touches of blue ;  
So, oft, when the spirit would faint in despair,  
We catch glimpses of hope through the twilight of care.

##### II.

In a desolate spot as gay flower ever grew in,  
I saw a sweet rose leaning over a ruin ;  
And I said, ' When long years steal life's freshness away,  
May Love, like that rose, lend a smile to Decay !'

##### III.

The frail water-lily is tossed to and fro  
On the stream, but its roots cling unshaken below ;  
Thus the soul rides in safety adversity's wave,  
When its anchor is cast on the 'Mighty to Save.'

## RELIGION.

THE mariner, when tempest-driven,  
Upon a dark and stormy sea,  
Lifts up his troubled eye to heaven,  
In hope that there some guide may be.

And if perchance some trembling star  
Shine softly through the gloom of night,  
He hails its radiance from afar —  
Blessing its mild celestial light.

Thus when o'er life's tumultuous surge  
We struggle on, through gloom and care,  
While storms of grief and anguish urge  
Our troubled spirits to despair :

Oh then, in that benighted hour,  
One guide hath God in mercy given,  
Shining with mild, benignant power,  
To light our weary souls to heaven.

RELIGION! — 't is thy holy beam  
That dissipates each cloud of gloom —  
Brightens and cheers life's troubled dream,  
And sheds a halo round the tomb.

Jefferson City, (Va.)

H. B.

## COURTSHIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JOHN JENKINS: A CHAPTER FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME.'

A LIP of beauty commands our thoughts on courtship, and our fingers, imbued with the spirit of gallantry, knuckle to her behest. Lady fair! were you ever courted, when your feelings disdained not the wooer, and his devotions wreathed like incense about your heart? I see the assenting smile break like a sunny wavelet on thy lip! Was it not a brilliant season? — a choice day in the month of love? replete with sunshine and sweetness, and an occasional cloud, astray from its native mountains, just to shadow the prospect? Then you believed with Addison, that it was the happiest period in the destiny of mortals. He had experience for his belief, for he was a devout lover; but when the gordian knot was tied, the countenance of his countess became cloudy, and March weather came down upon his heart; 'Oceana' was ruffled by passion's storms and chilling rains; and he who had launched his love, his hopes, his all of happiness, upon her bosom, found that even there, as near Charybdis, where he had fancied serenity and peace, rocks, breakers, and shipwrecks, were to be encountered.

Love, like religion, has many ways of approaching its altar, and various forms for the manifestation of its sentiments. Charity admits that the road to heaven may be reached by going round the prophet's coffin at Mecca, by hanging to the car of Juggernaut, or by straining up a Persian hill, and bending beneath the father of lights.

And thus, the lover's terrestrial paradise, the heart of his mistress, may be reached, by gallant deeds on bloody fields, by genuflexions in the parlor, or by a display of personal fascinations, that captivate by their brilliancy. Let love, the master-passion of man's proper nature, and woman's also, but prove its deep sincerity, and the heart which it addresses, yearning for kindly feelings, must heed the appeal, and dissolve with tenderness.

Fashionable courtship may be considered under two main aspects. The one comes from the heart that acknowledges the potency of woman's charms, and the other rises from the mind which is convinced that woman's purse is the most desirable of all earth's attainments. The former comes from love, the latter from avarice. The one is pure, the other is mercenary: the first is divine, the second is devilish. Before we look particularly at courtship, as it at present exists, it is becoming that we glance at it as it has been.

And first, let us regard courtship as it was in the olden time, before the divine sceptre of Christianity was stretched out over the abominations of heathenism. In those twilight ages of civilization, matrimony was the result of desire in man and compliance in woman. The lovely sex, which since those times has been remarkable for the dread potency of its will, then submitted with the grace that belongs to it, to the tyrannical rule of man. In Babylon, the 'cradle of the sciences' though she was, the notions which prevailed in regard to the rights of woman, were utterly paganish. The father of history informs us, that in that famous city there was wont to be holden an annual fair, at which all the marriageable females were knocked down to the highest bidder. Of course, in those days, when beauty was considered the most valuable of feminine charms, the pretty girls excited a spirited competition among the purchasers. Beauty was a matter of speculation; woman was estimated by her symmetry, and intellectual charms were not worth a groat. The pretty girls were sold, and became slaves to the richest men; but those whom the barbarians thought bore more resemblance to Hecate than to Venus, were disposed of to moneyless men, at the lowest prices! The rich men monopolized all the beauty, and the poor fellows, concluding, like the lady of Wakefield, that 'beauty is that beauty does,' took their cash and their ladies, and went on their way rejoicing. What a profanation of the sacred rites of courtship! Think of it, ye ladies, who, priding yourselves on the charms of the mind, in the absence of those that are visible, are in the habit of bestowing 'mittens' rather than snowy hands on scores of suppliants! Think of it, ye who, like ill-formed ships, richly laden, pursue your courses onward with pride, and spurn and dash aside whole oceans of adulation which swell before you! Think of it, ye who look unlike Aspasia, if ye had made your appearance on the stage of action ten centuries before the Christian era, you might have stood from day to day in the market-place of Babylon, and found no masters to have accepted you, even when offered portions to do so! Think of the changes that have come over the spirit of the world, and fervently thank the weird sisters, who span your threads of existence in Christian countries, and among gallant men! In this heathenish way was matrimony got up at Babylon; and of course, courtship was unknown.

A lady who happened to have an eye that was not brilliant, a nose that turned up, or a mouth not exactly kissable, was compelled to stand shivering in the shambles for days, casting imploring glances on every genteel-looking fellow who came out that way to see the show, and supply himself with a wife. How mortifying to a delicate damsel, to stand and strain her charms to the utmost, in the forlorn hope of catching a master! And then to see first one and then another of her less lovely companions taken up, while she was passed by, like a sickly chicken! How crucifying to her hopes, and how excruciating to her self-love! Be thankful, girls, that such dismal destiny is not yours; and at the same time, we beseech you, feel no malice against the descendants of those who sinned so shamefully against your prerogatives, and let your angelic smiles convince the erring sex that you can 'forget and forgive.'

There were no door-way divorcements, through which ladies could creep out of conditions that were unlovely, in Babylon, even if their masters should mete out to them never such refinement of cruelty. But the husband had an infallibly-certain resource, in case he caught a Tartar. If, at the expiration of a year, he fancied himself aggrieved by his bargain — if, like Cain, his miseries were greater than he could bear — if a stray rill of bad blood moistened the human nature of his spouse, all he had to do was, to shoulder her, carry her back, like a condemned criminal, to the place from whence she came, sell her to another master, buy himself a better spinster, and thus change his — baggage.

In this way was woman rocked and knocked about in the 'cradle of the sciences.' And her condition was not much more auspicious elsewhere. In Athens and Rome, not long after, although they made pretensions to something less abominable, yet they were far from dealing with woman according to her deserts. In courtships, she dared not do as she pleased with the palm and five fingers of her hand. She dared not fling a sickly-glaring satellite afar, and send it reeling through the never-ending shades of midnight desolation. This, the natural prerogative of charming woman, was a power that Grecian men and Roman knights denied her practically, although in theory it was granted. Courtship was a one-sided business. Haughty man looked his desire, and slavish woman bowed down obsequiously. How was it with the Lesbian dame — the passion-breathing Sappho? She who took the lover's leap, and by drowning, ended the lover's troubles? Suppose a modern Sappho — and thousands now exist — should entreat an extant Phæon? Think ye deafness would fill his ear, and coldness be upon his heart? No: although 'blue-stockings' are an horror and abomination to the men of our day, yet a Sappho's harp will ring its tenderest symphonies on the masculine heart, and like the rock in the wilderness, smitten by the rod of the law-giver, its welling fountains will come forth in purity.

How long did he who saw the spirit-ladder in his vision, as he lay by the road side, serve the trickish Laban for the light-lipped Rachael? She smiled upon him at the well; but as she was the chattel of her father, her smile alone could not make her suitor Jacob happy. For years he served her father, and thus he bought, not courted, her. Among the Ishmaelites of the desert, the same kind



of traffic is carried on to this day. Many a sighing swain, smitten by the smiles of some sweet spinster, works out his salvation from the horrors of celibacy, before his father-in-law, with fear and trembling. This state of things shows that man will do any thing to win woman, and it also shows, that woman is not free to kiss the winds as she pleases, and is very far from enjoying that privilege of choosing her own lord, to which she is of right entitled. When Paris stole Helen from her liege Menelaus, the Greeks sieged Ilium ten long years on account of the theft; and yet Helen, Andromache, nor none of the rest of the beauties, dared to treat men as ladies do in the era now upon us. In Germany, the sex was not so abominably abused; but every where else, the inferiority of woman was considered unquestionable, and courtship necessarily could have no proper existence.

Courtship cannot be properly appreciated and conducted, where the sexes are held to be unequal. Where the will of woman is shackled, her inclinations are disregarded, and her affections are not suffered to flow as they list. This freedom is essential to the highest class of courtships. We acknowledge all the rights of woman, as Christians ought to, and here her step is queenly, and her smile priceless. She can now be coquettish; and if that *terra incognita* of antiquity, the beautiful fabric of the female skull, were examined by a skilful phrenologist, he would discover that a new organ, that of coquetry, had lifted itself up since the reformation, as islands have heaved themselves above surrounding surges, within the same period.

In these latter days, ladies not only exercise the natural right to smile on whom they please, but they have the privilege of wounding whomsoever they list, with the fatal archery of their charms; and such is the gallantry of the times, that, although man has the exclusive enactment of laws, he has framed none for the punishment of those potent fair ones, who send their unrequited lovers broken-hearted to the grave! Coquetry results naturally from these relations of the sexes. In the ante-christian ages, it can scarce be said to have had a 'local habitation and a name' on earth. It originated about the time that the Crusades kicked up such a dust on the surface of this, the most abused of all planets. Then, when men got mad and raved, and swore that female beauty was the most magical thing beneath the stars, woman began to exercise an undisputed authority over the sex called masculine. Beauty was throned in the supremacy of despotism, and the heart of man was the field on which its tyranny was exerted. A pretty woman, in a chivalrous age, is the completest and most exquisite tyrant, before whose mandates human hopes and fears ever rose or fell. The tyranny of civil government relinquishes its power before the inroads of radicalism; the tyranny of superstition relaxes the energy of its icy grasp on man's spirit, as the warming rays of genuine religion fall upon it; but the tyranny of beauty, more potent than either, clings to its victim till fear is lost in death, and hope triumphs in immortality. The enchaining spell of woman is the only thing which has had exemption from the ravages of decay, and which has defied the gnawings of the iron tooth of time. Older than the pyramids, it is still fresh in its youth; and



unnumbered ages after they shall have been mingled with the dust of the desert, it shall hold its carnival in the heart of man, and celebrate its triumphs in his sighs, and tears, and bleeding affections!

While knight-errantry was at its height, woman's visible power was at its acmé. Then, love-stricken knights bestrode their chargers, and looking up at the stars of evening, swore the eyes of their mistresses shamed Golconda's gems, and wore a lustre far brighter than ever met the gaze of lunatic or lover, in the firmament on high. The sexes were unequal, and courtship was shorn of its dignity. Every woman was a queen, and men were suppliants for the smiles of haughty and fair-browed tyrants. It was woman's province to command, and man's to obey—that is, until the link irrevocable was wrought in their twin destinies. And after that consummation, oh! what a change was there, my countrywomen! Woman left the imperial chair—the purple gradually fell from her graceful shoulders—the sceptre departed from the grasp of her little hand—and the career of the lioness of hearts was curbed forever! The suppliant lover became the imperious lord; the tiger expelled the lamb-like from his nature; and the masculine gender tyrannized over the domestic domain.

Not thus is it in the present age. Never was there a period to which the old saying, the 'gray mare is the better horse,' was more applicable. Woman is mistress, both before and after the vow to obey at the altar. Heavy charges against the present age, for its derelictions in matters of gallantry, have, we know, been made by those whose words were weighty. Burke poured forth a jeremiad over the grave of buried chivalry. The body is dead, but the spirit is with us. Were the age of chivalry gone, would heroes risk their lives, and stand up at only ten paces distance, living targets, to be shot down by rivals who, not content with taking away their sweet-hearts, must take away their lives, also? Were the age of chivalry gone, would poets sigh, and whine, commit suicide, take up their abodes in lunatic asylums, and die of broken hearts—and all for love? We wot they would not! Then Charles Lamb, the gentle, the tender, the pathetic Elia, says, that so long as women are hanged, he will be hanged if he will believe in the swagger about modern gallantry. It must be confessed, that to behold a multitude of men engaged in the graceless business of hanging a woman, is not a spectacle remarkable for its refinement of gallantry; but then, if Lamb had looked among the crowd beneath the scaffold, he might have seen even boorish men resign without a sigh the most eligible situations to curious-eyed woman! Oh no! The age of chivalry is *not* gone; and although woman occasionally may hang, yet is her retribution ample; for who among us does she not suspend between a smile and tear, or hang high in air, midway betwixt hope and fear, until our sensibilities are stretched in agonizing tension?

Former times cannot parallel the present in the longevity of its courtships. Many a lover besieges the flint-walled heart of his mistress for a period greater than the Greeks required to siege and sack Ilium. Right frequent are courtships that run the length of a mortal generation, performed by modern epicures in love. Just think of it a moment, brother bachelor! You fall in love with some lady to

night, quite accidentally, and to-morrow, you commence a courtship, the purpose of which is to nullify the robbery perpetrated by her roguish eyes on your affections, by taking hers in exchange. Day after day, and year after year, you toil and dally on, now cheered by a rosy smile that falls on your heart as sweetly as the dew of Hermon, and now saddened by a frown black as Erebus. Thus alternating, like a pendulum, between sunshine and shadow, you keep time as regularly as a town-clock, until your hair is streaked with gray, the twilight of old age. In May, twenty years after date, you promise to pay to the blushing damsel, girt with satin and rainbowed with ribbons, at your side, at the altar, on demand, any amount of love and attentions that her happiness may require. Would you not take the blessed smile that breaks upon her lips, when she promises to 'love, honor and obey' you, as an ample recompense for all the fears and troubles you have suffered through the long campaign, the stout probation of twenty years of courtship? Twenty years are rather too long for the impatience of a warm-blooded lover; but better thus, than an extemporaneous wedding, after three days of eager wooing. Six calendar months may be well employed in courtship; and this is short enough; for who that plucks a blushing flower roughly from its parent stem, or enters the land of promise with a stranger, can properly appreciate the bloom of the one, or the delights of the other? Anticipation of pleasure is sweet, but never more so, than when love's honey mingles with it.

A man should not be too cowardly nor too slow in his courtships. The Bonapartean system of warfare may be used advantageously. Concentrate the forces of your charms on the enemy's weakest points, and depend upon it, her human nature can not resist you long. The ladies make use of the Parthian tactics. As the foe approaches, they fall back, meanwhile keeping up a brisk fire with the missiles which they, the world over, use so skilfully. Glances brilliant as flashing steel — smiles that are daggers to man's affections — blushes, that glow like the evening's purple on the far-off cloud — thoughts and words that mean more than they express — all fall on the attacking party with an influence fatal to bachelorism.

The fashionable system may be illustrated as follows. A gentleman, whiskered, and scowling, and looking as fierce as belligerent Mars, encounters a lady whose smile is perfectly bewitching. This is a lure, and a signal of warfare. Mars approaches Venus, and she, reflecting a portion of his own fiery redness, blushes, and effects a transit to some other place in illimitable space. He pursues her with the most indefatigable vigor. Scenes of dramatic interest soon transpire. They meet most fortuitously on all occasions; at parties they glance with savage fierceness at each other; he strives to persuade her that he is earnest and sincere, while she hops from him like a crippled sparrow, at times turning round and smiling, after the manner of the immortals, upon him. They strive to avoid each other; but the fates have decreed their union, and accidents bring them together. The gentleman bristles up and declares himself, and the lady puts her hand in her pocket, and signifies to him that she has better use for it. He snatches courage from despair, and re-commences his suit, with an ardor all-defying. She flies away on easy wing awhile, until, satisfied or fatigued with her long-sustained flight,

she comes fluttering to earth at last. The game is his. They wed. Their romance is a tale of the past. Their poetry is gone. They are soon numbered among the prose articles in the great periodical of human existence !

Go on lovers, and know the bliss of courtship ! If your love is mutual, your pleasure will be elysian. Your barques are floating on the surface of a sunny sea, fragrant winds fill your sails, and breathe in music over the flashing waters. Far before, your cynosure, the star of hope, is gleaming forth its twinkling radiance. Let discretion be your helmsman, and after a blissful voyage, you shall enter the haven of love, on the shore of that rosy sea. What though the undulating wave may conjure up dark fears before you ? It will but break the tedium of the passage : and when your dangers are over, your joys will be more brilliant in proportion to the depth of the shadows in the back-ground of the past. S.

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THE MAID OF INTERLACHEN.

SUGGESTED BY A PASSAGE IN 'REMINISCENCES OF THE RHINE.'

'T is sunset on Brientz's lake —  
The last rays brightly glowing  
On Alpine height and hamlet low —  
And the breeze is gently blowing.

Down by the very water's edge  
Is seen the peasant's dwelling ;  
At eve and morn, he sleeps and wakes,  
To the sound of the water's swelling.

A boat ! — the rippling waters bear  
Not a few at this sweet time ;  
But this is a ferry-boat — and now  
The oars are nearer heard to chime.

And who is plying them ? A maid,  
With a quick and graceful stroke ;  
And her cheek is red, and her eye is bright,  
And many a heart has it broke.

And who is with her in the boat ?  
A passenger — a student — bound,  
With eager haste and a longing heart,  
To unseen and romantic ground.

And ever as they nearer come,  
The maiden's voice is heard,  
With mingled tones of a silver flute,  
Like the warbling of a bird.

The songs of her mountain-land she sings,  
With a melody all untaught ;  
And a mingling of harmonies, from skies  
And her own blue waters caught.

And her heart was as light as the song  
She pour'd in his raptur'd ear,  
And the boatmen who pass'd would rest their oars,  
Her gushing notes to hear.

The shore is gain'd, and the song is hush'd,  
But the passenger lingers still ;  
Ah, maiden ! a whisper is in thine ear,  
That can bode thee nought but ill.

For what hath a student to do with love,  
And why will he think of thee,  
When over the Alps, to his distant home,  
He is wandering far and free ?

'But, maiden,' said he, and he looked in her eyes,  
(His own had a radiant light,)  
'Thy voice is untaught, and here is gold  
To teach it a bolder flight.

'Seek from the skill'd thy voice to tune  
By the rules of a studied art,  
And the Switzer maidens shall envy thee  
Thy power to melt the heart.'

His silver flute is hid in his breast,  
His careless 'Farewell !' is utter'd ;  
But the maiden sits still, and blushes to feel  
That her quiet bosom is flutter'd.

She follows the youth with a thoughtful eye,  
And sighs from the depths of her heart,  
As he turns in the path — he is gone from her sight —  
She must bend to her task, and depart.

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And now two years have come and gone :  
To lovely Interlachen's shore  
A stranger comes, with a radiant eye,  
An eye we have seen before.

That lovely shore it knows again,  
And the Alps in the distance seen ;  
And the waters are glowing as once they glow'd,  
And kissing their islets green.

'It is the same enchanting spot ;  
But a charm is gone — there is something yet  
Which the heart demands : the singing girls —  
Where are *they*, with their hair of jet ?

'There are maidens here, and bright ones too,  
On our fair and sunny waters ;  
But hushed is the voice, and still'd the song,  
Of the fairest of our daughters ?

'Or only in plaintive sadness heard,  
As she sits at the sunset hour,  
With tearful eyes, and a pallid cheek,  
In the shade of her lonely bower.'

A flush comes over the stranger's brow,  
As he lists to the maiden's fate ;  
His eye flashes bright, with a sudden thought,  
And a conscience awaken'd too late.

The sunset has faded in twilight away,  
But the rowers are gliding about,  
And bursts of mirth, and the '*Ranz de Vache*,'  
From cottage and hill-side ring out.

But it is not to sights or sounds of joy,  
That the stranger's step is bent;  
For his memory tells him of careless words,  
That wrought ill where none was meant.

With an eager foot, though a trembling heart,  
To the maiden's bower he flies;  
She is warbling yet her evening plaint,  
And her voice is broken with sighs.

## I.

Ah! why is the breath of praise so sweet,  
That we know not the flatterer's wiles?  
And why does the heart so recklessly  
Exchange for tears its smiles?  
Tears that young eyes should never know,  
Tears that like mine for ever, ever flow!

## II.

'Ah! why is tenderness so dear,  
That to its looks and words we cling,  
Forgetting that this bird of Eden's bowers  
Upon the earth ne'er rests her wing,  
But makes her dwelling in the heavens above,  
Where only may we find a true and perfect love?

## III.

'My heart is weaned from its earthly hope;  
My path is sad and lone;  
The lightning-flash that gleam'd it o'er,  
Bewildered — and is gone!  
My voice, the source of joy, alas! too brief,  
No longer echoes aught but sighs of grief!

As the song of the maiden dies away,  
By tears of anguish still'd,  
With the soft-breathed tones of a silver flute  
The listening air is filled.

That silver flute! The maiden starts,  
And a single shriek she utters;  
An instant more, a voice is near,  
Its thrilling sound is in her ear,  
And a prayer for pardon mutters!

Is the prayer rejected — the suit disdained?  
The pleadings of love — are they vain?  
Has the student no lore, has his voice no skill,  
To bring back lost smiles again?

We know not: but now at the sunset hour,  
The maiden's song is heard,  
With mingled tones of a silver flute,  
Like the warbling of a bird.

And when you pass Brientz's lake,  
You may see by the water's edge  
A vine-covered chalet, and close by the door  
A ferry-boat moored in the sedge.

And a stronger arm than that of yore  
Pulls over the waters bright —  
But the self-same smile is by his side,  
And the self-same eyes so bright.

E.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF 'AMERICAN SOCIETY.'

## NUMBER TWO.

## THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER:

OR

## THE ABUSE OF MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

It was during a summer vacation, that a mother and her two sons were seen taking an afternoon walk, on the shaded side of one of our most fashionable promenades. She looked proud and happy, for her boys, after a year's separation from their home, had returned very much grown, and much improved, both in person and in manners. Though naturally different in their minds and dispositions, yet they were both at that period of existence when plastic emotions are indurating into principles, and when the impress of *character* is about becoming fixed for life.

It was enough to make a mother's heart throb with joy and pride to look on two such sons. They were springing into manhood in vigor and beauty, and the growing strength of their intellectual energies gave a token of future eminence and success, in any path of life to which their footsteps might be directed. The mind of Edward Vernon was thoughtful and deliberative. He was a student both of men and of books; and with him, opinions and actions were always tested by their results and their motives. The steady intellectual gaze of his dark gray eye showed that he could look beyond the surface of things, and that he never would be in danger of mistaking mere glitter for gold. His younger brother, Charles, was acute and ready-witted, and the knowledge he possessed seemed more the result of intuition than of reflection or acquirement. His quick and elastic step, and his flashing, restless eye, evinced a mind always on the *qui vive*, and an active spirit, that would make the best of every situation in which he might be placed. He was easily deceived by sophistry, or specious appearances, and his promptness of action as effectually precluded reflection, as his natural disposition was averse to it. Yet in him quickness of observation seemed to supply the want of cool judgment, or prudent foresight; and with the generality of persons he was considered as superior in intellect to his elder brother.

Mrs. Vernon's maternal feelings were gratified by the fine forms and manly appearance of her two noble boys, but of their minds and dawning characters she knew but little. They were comparatively strangers to her, having spent but a few weeks in each year with her, since they were old enough to be sent from home. Charles was her favorite, for she thought he possessed more spirit and activity than Edward. It was for him that she pictured the future with glowing scenes of magnificence and grandeur. It was he who was to be the princely merchant, whose returning ships were to be heavily freighted with the manufactures and productions of Europe and Asia; or the rich southern planter, living in regal dignity among his slaves, with an annual income far exceeding the accumulated gains of a life-time



in less favored climes. She saw that Edward was a student, and she knew that it was to Charles alone she must look for that elevation in society to which her exertions and her hopes had so long been aspiring.

During the course of their afternoon ramble, they came to a recently erected dwelling, whose architectural beauty and splendid internal decorations had been an engrossing subject of conversation among the fashionable circles. It belonged to a man who had risen rapidly both in wealth and in standing, and whose family had become a reigning one, in the *beau monde*. Mrs. Vernon pointed out to her sons the novel attractions of the lofty mansion, and repeated, with admiration, the glowing description of its satin-damask hangings — its gold and ebony furniture — its costly chandeliers, and of the dinner and tea service of silver and of gold. She showed them the emblazoned carriage standing before the door, with its liveried driver and footman, and the four proud steeds that stood pawing the ground, and with curved necks, champing their bits, as if they were impatient to bound onward to the fashionable drive, that they might exhibit their glittering accoutrements among their gaily caparisoned fellows. After having tried to impress her boys with a deep sense of all this magnificence, and having spoken of it as a glorious elevation, worthy the exertion of every faculty and energy of mind and soul, she thus held out the hopes of its attainment.

‘And yet, my sons, Mr. Delville was standing behind the counter of a petty grocery, when your father was an importer. Oh, if your father had possessed but half the *enterprise* and *ambition* of this man, how different would our situation in life have been!’

Charles’ eye sparkled with the proud thought of living in the midst of such splendor as was then displayed before him, but Edward very calmly replied: ‘But, mother, father is an honest man, and I have heard it said that Mr. Delville owes his present prosperity to means neither honorable nor honest.’

Mrs. Vernon quickly replied: ‘That happened so many years ago, that no one thinks of it now. People in society do not trouble themselves about such things. He is more sought after, and stands higher, than your father, with all his honesty. And even ‘on ‘change,’ he is one of the most popular and influential men; for as his note needs no endorser, merchants bow down to him too, in despite of all the old stories that are raked up against him. Your father is a good man, but he carries his notions of honesty to a ridiculous extent. He has no *contrivance*, or *management*, in his business, and without these, no one can expect to make a fortune. He goes straight forward, but there are little turnings and twistings, that every body must learn to practise, or else they will never rise in the world.’

After their return home, they found Mr. Vernon seated in his favorite chair, abstractedly going over in his mind the various items of his cash-book and ledger. Mr. Vernon was ‘a merchant of the old school, now nearly extinct. He was for gains, slow but sure, and would as soon have staked one half his fortune at the faro-table, as to have risked a few hundreds in a modern speculation. He seemed to carry on his business not so much for the profit it brought

him, as for the interest he took in it. It was as delightful to him as a game of chess to a scientific player. He calculated his own moves and the moves of those with whom he was engaged, with so much deliberation and sagacity, that he could almost foretell the issue of every commercial transaction. He belonged to the obsolete class of Franklin economists, whose maxims were, that 'a penny saved is worth more than a penny earned;' that the surest art of money-getting is money-saving; and he looked upon the present race of mercantile speculators with as much pity and contempt as he did upon a lottery-adventurer, who throws away three or four hundred dollars for the bare chance of winning one prize among a thousand blanks.

Mr. Vernon had always shown an invincible aversion to the encroachments of modern style, much to the annoyance and vexation of his wife. He obstinately adhered to Franklin stoves, high-backed mahogany chairs, and Turkey carpets. Mrs. Vernon, finding there was no immediate hope of introducing fashionable furniture into her parlors, endeavored to give them as modern an air as she could, by decorating her oval card-table with all the *bijouterie* of the pier and centre-table — the wonderful creations of French confectionary, tiny candlesticks, with colored tapers, fanciful ink-stands, never to be desecrated by ink — little glass images of cupids and dogs — one or two china cups and saucers, etc., — those curious and beautiful specimens of the *fine arts*, which fashionable ladies are so fond of collecting. Mr. Vernon would overlook these for a while, but when any of his little nieces came to spend a few days in town, he would take them to the tables, and tell them there was a fine lot of toys, they might have, to furnish their baby-house, when they went home. Though Mr. Vernon thus often ridiculed his wife's folly, and restricted her extravagance within prescribed limits, yet he was a kind and indulgent husband, in gratifying her every reasonable wish, and in many respects permitted her to have too much of her own will. Like many men, devoted to business, he left the whole control and guidance of their children to her care and management. She selected their schools, directed them in the choice of their associates, and tried to mould their tastes and opinions to her own. Her husband thought he performed his part, if he gave them money to purchase their books, and paid their school-bills as soon as they were presented. Mrs. Vernon had all the fashionable predilection for boarding-schools, and as soon as her two sons and her only daughter had passed the tender years of infancy, they were successively exported to the academies patronized by the first circles. To her morning visitors she would lament their separation from her, and would add, with all the heroic self-sacrifice of a Spartan mother, that she was willing to give up her own feelings for their advantage. The Hindoo mother stifles her maternal emotions, and throws her babe into the waters of the Ganges, that she may gain the favor of her god, and secure the eternal happiness of her infant; but the fashionable mother casts her child from the sanctuary of home and its affections, to the cold and rigid government of strangers, that it may be prepared to 'strut its hour' upon the world's theatre.

Mr. Vernon, though naturally silent and reserved, was an affec-

tionate father. The absence of his dear boys was painfully felt ; but when his darling Alice was sent away from him, he thought it was too hard for him to bear. He remonstrated with his wife, but finally gave a forced submission to her arguments, and devoted himself more assiduously than ever to his business. He often sighed, when he returned to his silent and solitary dwelling, after his day's sojourn in his counting-room. The glad voices of his beautiful boys, the sweet tones of his loving Alice, as she uttered her delight at seeing him, and shaking back her sunny brown curls, came with bounding steps, to meet him, those charms that made his home so attractive, were now all riven away, and there was nothing left to wean him from the life-wearing intensity of his devotion to business. The return of his children, at their periodical vacations, was to him a season of rare and highly-prized enjoyment. He was proud of his boys, and felt happy to see them around him ; but when he folded his loved Alice to his heart, and held her little hand in his, he almost forgot that he was a merchant.

Mr. Vernon was very much gratified by the evident improvement of his sons, and by their manly appearance ; and on their present visit, he took as much pleasure in introducing them to his mercantile friends, as his wife did in exhibiting them to her fashionable ones. When Edward and Charles returned from their walk, and entered the room with their mother, Mr. Vernon roused from his abstraction, and affectionately grasped the hand of each. Then turning to his wife, he said : ' My dear, your boarding-school system has, I acknowledge, been of service to our boys, for it is probable they would not have been as noble and manly-looking fellows as they now are, if they had been all this time tied to your apron-string, or had had a mother to run to in every difficulty. But I am afraid its effects will not be as favorable upon Alice ; for I fancied I saw two or three fashionable affectations about her, when she was last at home. God forbid, that my artless, warm-hearted Alice should ever be turned into a modern ' fine lady ! ' If I thought there was any probability of her becoming corrupted into that artificial, senseless automaton, I would immediately take her from her boarding-school, and send her to rusticate among her cousins, that she might be herself again. It would almost break my heart to see her a fashionable woman.'

' You must recollect, Mr. Vernon,' replied his wife, ' that Alice is no longer a mere child. It is time that her manners should begin to be formed. She is almost twelve years of age. Mrs. Davenant pays more attention to the manners of her pupils than to any thing else, and it was for that reason, that I gave her school the preference. The young ladies under her tuition are always admired for their finished elegance of demeanor. She is so successful in her training, that she can make all equally polished and graceful ; and every one who has been her scholar, is remarked in society as having been one of Mrs. Davenant's pupils. An awkward, blushing school-girl is never found in her little band ; and even the youngest among them have as much ease as if they had been in company for years.'

' Very desirable, certainly ! — to be known as a member of the Davenant corps. She must be a fine-drill-sergeant — and what a rare captain she would make ! ' Young ladies, attention ! Heads

up! — toes out! — keep a bold face! — make a curtsey — one, two, three! — down! — up! Pay particular attention to the following order: You must all stand, walk, sit, and enter a room, in precisely the same mode, according to the instructions given you. It makes no difference what are your natural dispositions, minds, or characters; you must learn to curb these, and must think, feel, speak, and act, by the prescribed rules laid down for all situations and circumstances.' But a truce with jesting. I tell you what, wife, if Alice is to undergo such a Procrustean mode of operation, as to be made exactly similar to every other young lady in the school, it can only be done by making her assume a character that does not belong to her. So, she shall leave Mrs. Davenant: on that I'm resolved. I will take the boys with me to-morrow, and bring her home.'

Mrs. Vernon acquiesced, with seeming willingness; but she implicitly trusted that the next morning's visit to his counting-room would obliterate all remembrance of his objections to Mrs. Davenant, and his hasty resolution to bring Alice home. And with the intention of diverting his thoughts from the subject, she said: 'Edward and Charles are almost young men, both in height and appearance. What do you intend to make of them?'

'I have not thought much about it. It will be time enough when they leave college.'

'But, Mr. Vernon, as I suppose you intend them for men of business, it will be a waste of their most enterprising and energetic years, to permit them to remain until they are old enough to graduate. It will destroy every thing like business habits, and make them mere sedentary book-worms.'

'I will leave it to them,' said the father. 'Come, boys, tell me what you intend to be?'

Charles immediately answered: 'I will be a merchant. I am almost tired of the monotony of a college life, already, and think it will soon be time for me to come out upon a busier scene, and a wider sphere of action.'

'That is well said, my son,' exclaimed Mrs. Vernon: 'you have made a good choice, and I hope you may be as successful and as prosperous as Mr. Delville.' A frown passed over Mr. Vernon's face, but he made no comment on his wife's remark, and turning to Edward, said: 'My son, what will *your* choice be?' Edward replied: 'With your approbation, father, I would prefer one of the two professions, law or medicine; but I have not thought sufficiently on the subject to give a decision at present.'

'I would rather that you had chosen as Charles did,' said his father; 'but in this, your own inclinations shall be consulted. You must recollect, however, that even with the finest talents, the members of these two professions must pass through many years of obscurity and difficulty, before they can get into full practice, and also that perhaps two-thirds of their number never succeed. While, on the other hand, the man of business can get into credit and custom at once, and every merchant has the opportunity of attaining wealth. If he does not do so, it is not for want of patronage, but from his own rashness or inefficiency.'

'But, Mr. Vernon,' said his wife, 'I think you do wrong in thus

giving up to Edward's whims. He is too young to judge for himself, and I would prepare him for that occupation which you prefer, and not suffer him to consult his own wishes alone.'

'My dear wife,' he replied, 'I have seen the evil effects of opposing a young man's inclination in the choice of a profession in my father's family, and I then determined never to commit a similar error, if I ever should have sons. Gold, silver, and copper, can be easily fused, and coined into money, but wood and marble would soon be destroyed by the attempt to put them to the same use.'

'Well, if he is permitted to choose a profession, I hope it will be that of law, for it affords a pretty fair opportunity of amassing a fortune, while that of the physician rarely or never does. A lawyer of established reputation may get his thousands for a single case, while the doctor makes his money by fifty cents or a dollar a visit. The lawyer is waited upon at his office, and his client does not expect him to put himself to any inconvenience on his account; while the physician is always expected to be an obsequious slave to the caprices of the rich, and to submit without complaining to the impositions of the poor. I do wonder that so many should choose this as a profession, since there is so much labor required, and so little wealth to be gained by it.'

'If the desire of gain were the ruling motive of every man, my dear mother,' said Edward, 'the profession of medicine would soon be extinct. But there are other reasons for choosing a profession, than for the facility it affords of amassing wealth — reasons that do honor to the mind and the heart. It is the desire of expatiating in the boundless fields of knowledge to which it opens — the anxiety to alleviate human suffering, by searching into its causes, that the proper remedies may be applied, and the thirst to know all that can be known of the mysterious formation of the body, 'so fearfully and wonderfully made' — it is *these* that have sufficient attraction to induce men to forego the lustre of wealth, and the 'pride of place,' and to walk humbly and contentedly in the valley-paths of usefulness and benevolence.'

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It was a cold winter evening; but in the drawing-room of Mr. Vernon every thing wore the aspect of luxurious comfort. A bright coal fire was glowing in the polished steel grate, and the brilliantly-lighted chandelier brought into distinct relief the rich and heavy folds of the crimson hangings, and the graceful forms of the damask-cushioned chairs, while its own image was reflected in the wide and lofty mirrors. Mrs. Vernon was reclining upon an ottoman, gaily and expensively attired, and holding an open letter in her hand. On the opposite side of the fire sat Mr. Vernon, in a chair that seemed to have been fashioned after his favorite one of former days, but made of materials rich and costly, as if to hide the homeliness of its obsolete form. He was very much changed in the last few years, for his sedentary life and slavish and unremitted attention to business, had brought on premature age, with its infirmities — feeble health and weakened energies. As long as he could, he kept a firm barrier against the encroachment of fashion and style; but when Alice added

her entreaties to his wife's undermining, he found his failing strength of mind unequal to the struggle, and finally gave way to the tide. After Mrs. Vernon had finished reading the letter, she said to her husband :

‘I think this ought to be sufficient to convince Edward that Charles has made the wiser choice, and to induce him to remove to the south, as I have so often urged him. Ninety thousand dollars made in one land speculation ! — and this in addition to the princely annual income from his plantation ! Charles is indeed a fine, ambitious fellow. I foresaw, from his childhood, that he would be the enterprising man of business, while Edward would not have spirit or activity enough to lose sight of the smoke of his father's chimney. Look at the difference between them now ! Charles is the proprietor of a town, has one or two banks under his control, and is one of the most influential men in his state. His name is every where spoken of, for his magnificent projections, his numerous improvements, his unbounded liberality, and his immense wealth. But who has ever heard of Edward, out of his own limited circle of acquaintance ? I did hope, when I insisted on his choosing law instead of medicine, since he had fixed his choice on a profession, that by this time he would have obtained a practice worth at least a thousand dollars a year. But he can scarcely make enough to pay his office-rent. This, however, is in some degree his own fault ; for a fellow-student of his told me that Edward was too conscientious. He said that, to a young lawyer, a conscience was rather a troublesome appendage, which should be dismissed as soon as possible, although it might be of advantage to recall it, when one became rich enough to afford it. Edward is too scrupulous, I know ; but he would have been obliged to give up his notions of honor and honesty, if he had had no one to apply to, when he was in want of funds. And I think it will be a good plan to force him into fortune, by insisting on his going to the south-west. You know that Charles has again and again said in his letters, that if Edward could only be induced to go, he would not only realize a handsome fortune in two or three years, but might become a judge, a member of congress, or anything to which his ambition might lead him to aspire. And if you tell him that you cannot think of assisting him any longer — that he must go where he can meet with more speedy success — I think this will have the desired effect, as I said before, of forcing him into good fortune. He will not make use of those means by which he could gain practice even here. I wished him to go into society, and to cultivate the acquaintance of the wealthiest and most fashionable families, that he might gain their patronage ; but he says he has not time to spare from his studies. He is constantly poring over his books, and what has he gained by it ? As a last resort, I have tried to persuade him to secure a fortune by marriage ; but even this seems to be contrary to his fastidious principles. I was very anxious for him to attend Alice this evening, for Mr. Conrad's daughter will be quite an heiress, and I thought it possible that he might be fascinated, for she is strikingly beautiful.’

‘Poor Alice !’ said Mr. Vernon ; it is a cold night for her to be out — and she was dressed so thinly, too : she would not wear her cloak, for fear of disarranging her dress. I hope Mrs. Delville's



carriage is well cushioned, so as to exclude the cold air. The wind whistles bleak and shrill ; it must be a dreadful night upon our coasts. I am glad that I have no vessels now. This reconciles me to the thought of having sold them. If I had not done so, I should not have been able to sleep to-night. What a wild blast that was that just passed by ! It rushed by the window as if it would shiver every pane. Why, my dear, did you let Alice go ?

‘At first, I did not intend she should, as I was not well enough to attend her ; but Mrs. Delville insisted on it, and kindly offered to be her *chaperone*. She told me that Mr. Linton would be there, and as Alice has made quite an impression on him, I was fearful that her absence might weaken it. He would also have been left fair game for the many nets that are spread for him, both by mothers and daughters. But I think that Alice will secure him, and she may be Mrs. Linton, if she wishes, before many months have passed.’

‘Surely, wife, you are not serious ?’ said Mr. Vernon. Mr. Linton the husband of Alice ! He is two years my senior, although he is a much younger-looking man. The child could not love him. The idea is unreasonable — absurd !’

Perhaps she might not feel for him any of that silly emotion that very young gentlemen and ladies call *love* — but what is far more rational, she would have a deference and esteem for his character and standing, as a man of wealth and influence. It will be a very advantageous match for Alice, in every respect. As Mrs. Frederick Linton, she will at once take her place among the very *élite* of society, and she will live magnificently, I am sure, for Mr. Linton will indulge her in every thing, and will surround her with as much splendor as a peeress could desire.’

‘But will she be happy ?’ asked Mr. Vernon, ‘and can she love him ?’

‘Certainly,’ replied his wife ; ‘every woman loves her husband, when he is indulgent to her, and gratifies her in every wish. She cannot help being happy, if she is surrounded by all the elegancies and comforts of life. I do not know a happier married woman than the beautiful Mrs. Selwyn. You know Mr. Selwyn is not only old enough to be her father, but he has sons who are older than she is ; yet he idolizes her, and is constantly bringing home to her something rare and costly, for her house or her toilet. He takes great pleasure in seeing her richly and elegantly dressed. He indulges her fondness for the gayeties of society, and is proud of the admiration she excites. Her most extravagant tastes are fully gratified, for he lavishes his wealth upon her with princely munificence. I often bring Mrs. Selwyn forward as an example to Alice.’

Mr. Vernon, who still adhered to some of his regular habits, had retired to rest three or four hours before the return of his daughter. But Mrs. Vernon, though at present an invalid, sat up to await her coming, that she might receive a description of the evening’s entertainment, while its scenes were yet vivid in her recollection. After Alice was safely delivered into her mother’s care, by the fashionable chaperone, and the lady had taken her leave, Mrs. Vernon, whose first anxiety was to know whether Alice had been admired, and had received much attention, asked her ‘how she was pleased’ — know-

ing that young ladies always consider an evening spent in company very delightful or very dull, in direct proportion to the admiration and attention they have excited, or to the neglect they have been obliged to endure.

‘I have spent a most delightful evening,’ replied Alice. ‘I was engaged for every set, and waltzed twice with one of the most elegant young men I ever saw — Lieutenant Elwood. He is a fine figure, has dark eyes, a rich mass of raven hair, and the handsomest pair of whiskers that ever graced a gentleman’s face. He waltzed inimitably. Indeed, he is more graceful and polished in his manners than any one I ever met with.’

‘But was not Mr. Linton there?’ asked the anxious and alarmed mother.

‘Yes, he was there, mamma, and as old and as ugly as ever. He almost persecuted me with his attentions; and if I had not been afraid of offending you, as I know he is your favorite, I would have been quite rude to him. The lieutenant seemed to pity me, and two or three times very dexterously relieved me from his disagreeable intrusion. Indeed, mamma, I think I have made a conquest of the handsome lieutenant,’ said Alice, casting at the same time very self-satisfied glances at the mirror, where the youthful beauty was reflected, whose charms were heightened by the taste and skill of her Parisian dressing-maid.

‘Nonsense!’ replied her mother, with petulance: ‘let me never hear you mention this again. I hope no portionless lieutenant will ever have the presumption to aspire to your hand. It is probable that he is a fortune-hunter, and may think you an heiress; but I can tell you, my daughter, unless you are soon married to a wealthy man, you will have to come down to a different style of living before long; for our heavy expenses made great inroads upon your father’s fortune. As Mrs. Linton, you can surround yourself with even greater luxuries and elegancies than those to which you have been accustomed; and you will have an opportunity of becoming a leader of fashion. You will have your equipage, your retinue of servants, your princely mansion, and a husband who will idolize you, and will take pleasure in gratifying your taste for dress. How it would delight Lisette to open your boxes of Parisian costumes, and try their becoming effect upon your complexion and figure! You could then distance all your rivals, for you would then have the triumph of being the first in every new fashion. But if you were to marry a man without wealth, how differently would you live! You would be obliged to content yourself with a small house, or live in a second-rate boarding-house; you would have to relinquish evening parties, because you could not give them in return; and you would be forced to dismiss poor Lisette, for you could not afford to supply her with wine every day, and to give her such wages as her taste and skill entitle her to expect.’

‘Indeed, mamma, I could not give up Lisette. If I were deprived of her assistance, I should not know how to dress myself fit to appear before any one. The lieutenant is certainly very handsome,’ said Alice, with a sigh, ‘but — I will marry Mr. Linton.’

The influence of Mrs. Vernon was successfully exerted upon

Charles and Alice, and in her hands their plastic minds and tastes were moulded to her wishes. Upon the character of Edward she failed to produce any impression; but she embittered his peace by her goading complaints of his want of success. She urged his removal, by every argument her ingenuity could suggest, and at last resorted to the means she recommended to her husband, and told him he must no longer expect any assistance from his father. Edward was struck to the heart by this sudden announcement. It seemed as if he were now cast adrift upon the ocean of life, without a sail or a rudder.\* He had entered upon his profession with high and noble aspirations, and had fixed his eye upon some prominent and glorious model, whose example he endeavored to follow. He devoted his days and nights to study, and his laborious research and patient toil had their reward in the overflowing treasury of his expanded intellect. He had ever refused to support the cause of crime and injustice, for he thought it his duty and his privilege to maintain the just and the right, and to redress the wrongs of the oppressed. Although he naturally expected that his profession would afford him support, yet he had never dreamed of making it a source of wealth, or of turning his attention to it as a means of immediate profit. With most students and learned men, he had no idea of the value or necessity of money, until it was forced upon him by being obliged to have occasional recourse to his father. It was then that he bitterly felt how slow had been his progress in gaining practice, and he became a prey to disheartening despondency. It was when suffering under its gloomy depression, that his mother tried her last experiment upon him. It succeeded. He took a hasty farewell of his family and friends, and embarked with his little library, his only treasure, in a vessel bound to New-Orleans.

It was true that his pecuniary gains had been but trifling, but he had a growing reputation, that would have finally placed him among the highest and most successful in his profession. It arose not with the bustle of workmen or the clink of hammers, but it was silently and progressively springing upward from the slender sappling to the lofty and wide-spreading tree. His opinions were frequently sought by his seniors in age and experience, and he had the high respect of all classes, on account of his moral as well as his intellectual superiority. And he was driven to leave the coming harvest of professional wealth and distinction, and the friends who appreciated him, for a doubtful success among desperate adventurers.

Shortly after the departure of Edward, Alice gave her hand to Mr. Linton, and the bridal party started upon a fashionable tour. After their return to the city, Mrs. Vernon was sorely disappointed by Mr. Linton having signified his intention of taking permanent lodgings at a private boarding-house. He said he was getting too old to

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\* Although every young man should endeavor to depend upon his own exertions, and should do without pecuniary assistance from his parents as soon as possible, yet no father should permit his son to enter a profession, without expecting to contribute to his support during the trying years of his 'early struggles.' This is a time of fierce trial, and one thrown upon the world without money or assistance, runs the risk of sacrificing his integrity and high-mindedness to his necessities, or of falling a victim to despair, insanity, or suicide.

indulge in his former extravagance, and must learn to economize, and to husband his resources.

Poor Alice, in suffering from the wreck of her vapor-built castles, had soon after the additional misfortune of becoming the nurse of a paralytic husband, for whom she had no affection. Mr. Linton, conscious that she could not love him, jealously forbade her going out or receiving visitors, and exacted from her the most slavish attendance. Mrs. Vernon's last hope for Alice was, that she would soon be left a rich widow; but in this also she was doomed to disappointment. Mr. Linton lingered on for more than four years after his marriage; and when the contents of his will were made known to the anxious mother, she found that he had left Alice a moderate annuity, and had bequeathed the remainder of his property to the family of a deceased brother.

A few months after the death of Mr. Linton, Mrs. Vernon received the following letter from Charles:

'I hasten to inform you, my dear parents, of the melancholy death of our poor Edward. He fell a victim to one of the prevailing diseases of the country, after a few days' illness. I was absent in a neighboring state, upon some pressing business, and on my return, found that my dear brother was dead and buried. This country did not suit his tastes or habits. He was too conscientious, and too scrupulously-honorable, to succeed in a place where all come determined to make a fortune as soon as possible, and by any means not openly dishonest. He found no companionship or congeniality, and he fell into a morbid state of melancholy depression, which no doubt weakened his frame, and laid him open to the attacks of disease.'

It was thus that the richly-gifted Edward died a stranger in a strange land, where he was unknown and unappreciated. His years of laborious study, his vast accumulation of legal and scientific knowledge, his high promises of future distinction, all lost—all sacrificed upon the venal shrine of a mother's love for gold. When it was too late, she reproached herself for having driven him from his home and his friends. But her remorse could avail him nothing now. He had gone from the earth to his early grave!

The afflicting intelligence of Edward's death proved fatal to Mr. Vernon, who had long been sinking into a gradual decay of his corporeal and mental powers. After his estate was settled, there remained but three or four thousand dollars for the support of his widow. And with this sum, and the small income of Alice, the mother and daughter removed to a retired part of the city, and commenced a humble style of living, suited to their altered fortunes.

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ABOUT a year after the death of Mr. Vernon, there was a rumor circulated through the city, that Charles Vernon had become a defaulter, and had suddenly left the country. The paragraph in the paper alluding to it, created quite as great a sensation in his native place as it must have done in his adopted state. The wealthy Charles Vernon—the enterprising Charles Vernon—the public-spirited Charles Vernon—a rogue and a defaulter! And there were whispers of another crime still deeper and still more disgraceful. It was hinted that he had forged several drafts, of a large amount.

These rumors reached not the ears of his mother and sister ; and the first intimation they received, was from the following letter :

'This letter comes from your wretched son, Charles — an exile from his country for ever, and a fugitive from justice, as a defaulter and a forger. This, mother, is the effect of the work you have wrought upon me! Recall your endeavors to excite your children to the lust of gain, and remember your address to Edward and myself, when in front of Mr. Delville's mansion. It was *then* that you first stimulated me to the acquisition of wealth, and left the impression upon my youthful mind that in *successful* dishonesty there is neither crime nor disgrace. It was this impression that has been my ruin! Oh, what might I have been, had you directed my energies and ambition to a nobler aim than to the debasing and accursed thirst for gold! And my poor Edward, too — *he* was your victim! Had you not driven him from his home, he might have been at this hour living amidst honors and distinctions, the pride of his country. But where is he now? Lying in a grave, among strangers, without a stone to mark his place of burial!

'Farewell, mother! This is the last you will ever hear of your miserable son!'

G.

### THE ACCEPTED SACRIFICE.

'Give me thy heart.'

WHAT shall we offer thee, thou God of love!

Thou who didst build the heavens and mould the earth;

Thou, who didst hang the sparkling stars above,

And call'dst from darkness light and beauty forth!

From all the treasures of the earth and sea,

What shall we offer thee?

Shall we present thee gold and glittering gems,

Such as might wreathe the brows of royalty;

Shall we pluck roses from their slender stems,

Such as in summer's graceful bowers may be;

And shall we lay them at thy holy feet,

An offering fair and meet?

Or shall we deck thy temple with the spoil

Of mighty cities, and rich palaces;

Strew flowers, fling on the altar wine and oil,

And pour around thee mingling melodies

Of lutes and voices in soft harmony,

Breathing up praise to thee?

Or shall we bring thee treasures of the field,

When the rich autumn fills her flowing horn;

The russet fruits the loaded branches yield —

The clustering grapes, the golden waving corn —

The flowers of summer — the sweet buds of spring —

Oh! which, which shall we bring?

There is a voice which saith: 'Oh, dearer far

Than all the earthly treasures ye can give,

The pure aspirings of the spirit are,

When in the light of Truth it loves to live.'

Such be our offering at thy holy shrine —

Our hearts, our hearts be Thine!

Liverpool, England.

M. A. B.

## RANDOM LEAVES.\*

FROM A JOURNAL OF TRAVELS IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, AND GERMANY.

## NUMBER ONE.

## ENGLAND — LONDON.

To-day I have visited the Tower and the House of Commons. The first is situated on the banks of the Thames, and is surrounded by a broad, deep ditch, over which there is a draw-bridge. The island thus formed, contains several acres, and is crowded with a motley pile of buildings, high and low, dwelling-houses and store-houses, palaces and huts, which almost entirely obscure the view of the Tower; and this itself is composed of three or four distinct structures. At the gate there are always several 'warders,' in scarlet-laced habiliments, who make a business of conducting visitors to the curiosities, and expect a shilling from each person for so doing. One of them was just entering 'Queen Elizabeth's Armory' with a party of four, which I joined. The matters and things which they show, and tell the history of, are 'too numerous to mention,' but are described at large in the guide-book. I lifted the axe which struck off the head of poor Anne Boleyn, and despatched also 'him of Essex.' The hall is filled with specimens of armor, weapons, etc., of all sorts, which have been preserved from the days of Edward I., downward. 'The Train of Artillery,' is in another building, and comprises a quantity of big guns, mortars, etc., which John Bull has at different times captured from his enemies. But the most curious and splendid sight is the 'New Horse Armory,' where are arranged, as if in battle array, effigies of all the kings and several nobles, in chronological order, from Edward I. to James II., in complete armor, and on horseback, thus showing the style of armor, etc., of the different periods at a glance. The horses are in spirited positions, and it seems as if you might really shake hands with 'bluff old Harry,' or him of Richmond, as he appeared at Bosworth field, or my lord of Liecester, 'and so on.' There is an immense collection of curious affairs in this hall, arranged so as to present the most romantic and brilliant display imaginable. 'The Small Armory' is a vast hall, three hundred and forty-five feet in length, and very high, filled to the very ceiling with stacks of muskets and pistols, closely piled, comprising two hundred thousand, and all kept brightened and flinted ready for immediate use. Melancholy reflection! That such a wilderness of deadly instruments should ever be used by man against his fellow! Not feeling half a crown's worth of curiosity to see the *crown* itself, I departed by the 'Traitor's Gate,' thinking of the tragedies which had been acted within those once dreaded portals.

The apartment at present occupied by the House of Commons

\* THE reader may anticipate, we think, much entertainment and valuable information from these 'Random Leaves,' wherein the author — writing only for the eyes of familiar friends, and avoiding the diffuseness of the journeying letter-writer — has recorded fresh impressions in a manner at once vivid and unstudied.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.



is arranged much like Mrs. Willard's school-room, and is quite as plain, only on a little larger scale. Strangers, by paying half a crown, are admitted to the gallery, from which it is easier to *hear* than to *see* the speakers. The house was 'in committee' on the bill for the commutation of tithes. Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Howick, (a very gifted young man,) and two or three others, spoke on the question. I was struck with their singularly calm and unpretending manner of speaking. It seemed more like a familiar drawing-room conversation, than the stormy debate which might be expected on such a question, which, as was remarked, was a very important one. Lord John, in particular, who has been the leader of the house, and long conspicuous in the political world, is as plain, straight-forward a man as one could wish to see. It would seem impossible to get him excited or violent in debate. Every speaker was listened to civilly, if not attentively, and the only interruption, or rather cheering, was the cry of 'Hear! hear!' which was often heard from twenty voices at once; and occasionally there was a hearty laugh. The gallery over the speaker's chair is filled with reporters for the different papers, who will take down a long speech in short hand, at twelve o'clock at night, and the next morning at daylight you will see it in print. The houses of parliament are opposite Westminster Abbey, and the new buildings are to be erected on the old site. The ruins of the old houses are adjoining the halls now temporarily occupied.

SUNDAY, APRIL 16.—Taking my usual walk of two miles or more down Fleet-street, I found the door of St. Paul's cathedral open, and so ventured in, with my hand in my pocket, expecting some civil, obliging person would tip his beaver, as usual, for a shilling: but, strange to say, I was suffered to pass unmolested. The greater part of the interior is one vast open space, extending into the four wings, and up to the very highest dome. As you stand in the centre and look up, it seems almost like looking into heaven. The unsophisticated mind cannot grasp the magnitude of the scene: it is incomprehensible. On the walls, and in the niches and corners, are groups of statuary and monuments, some exceedingly beautiful, and most of them to military and naval personages. Public worship is held only in a chapel in one of the wings, forming a mere item of the whole structure. I was guided to it by the sound of the organ, echoing back from the vast arches, and impressively grand in its effect. Men in robes, with poles, stood at the door—'beadles,' I believe they are called. The chapel was of much the same size and style as those at Oxford, and there were not more than one hundred persons in it—the larger part of them apparently strangers, attracted merely from curiosity, like myself. In fact, as I afterward learned, there are few or no regular attendants in this far-famed St. Paul's. Why, I cannot imagine. The chanting was done by boys. The preacher was a short, thick man, and read his sermon off 'like a book.' It became so dark—being a rainy day—that he could not see to read, and he had to stop once or

twice. Poor man! But they say the *officiates* here are *unbeneficed* gownsmen, and perhaps they cannot afford to study. His sermon was dull and common-place, but delivered in a pompous, affected style, as if to pass it off for genuine eloquence.

DINED with REV. T. HARTWELL HORNE — a name well known throughout the theological world. This extraordinary man was a book-seller's clerk, at a small salary. He distinguished himself by his industry, won the notice of a reverend Bishop, and was employed to make some indexes to a large work, which were done so well, that he was handsomely paid, and went to Cambridge and completed his education with the fruits of his labors. His celebrated 'Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures,' in four large volumes, was the work of twenty years, and was all done in the night, after the business of the day was over. It is acknowledged to be the most accurate, comprehensive, and valuable work of the kind in the language. Fifteen thousand copies have been sold in England, and as many more in the United States, and yet the three first editions scarcely cleared expenses: the third produced him about one hundred and fifty pounds for the labor of twenty years! Mr. Horne is now engaged at the British Museum in preparing a catalogue of that immense collection. He is a living monument of industry and perseverance. He is rather small in stature, remarkably neat in his personal appearance, and quite active and robust, though now somewhat advanced, and gray-headed. His manner is free, cordial, and business-like. The moment he speaks, you are at once relieved of all embarrassment, and feel that you are talking to a friend — a plain, kind-hearted, unassuming friend. His wife and daughter are just like him. They spoke of the many Americans who had called on them — Bishops Chase, McIlvaine, Hobart, Dr. Wheaton, E. D. Griffin, Dr. Jarvis, and Rev. Mr. Potter, formerly of Boston. In fact, they knew more about some of the states than I did. Mrs. H. said she could always detect an American by the word *possible* and *possibly*. They (the English) say instead, *perhaps*, or *indeed*. I was pleased to find many American books in the library, and seated myself there with Mr. H. after dinner, while he wrote his sermon for the same afternoon. He completed it in about an hour, besides talking to me the while: and a good little sermon it was too, for I went with them to hear it. The parsonage-pew is close to the desk. The clerk drawled out the service in a most monotonous and pompous tone, which was really ludicrous. There was also a curate to read prayers, beside Mr. Horne. It seems, that in England each church must have a rector, curate, and clerk. Mr. Horne's manner in the pulpit is meek, persuasive, and engaging. He uses the best words, and no more than are necessary. Yet he would never be called a *great* preacher. His talents are more useful than showy.

THURSDAY. — Having an hour or two of leisure, after running about town for a week on business matters, I took a stroll into St.

James' Park, through Waterloo-Place, where is a big monument to somebody, but it was so high I could not tell who. Walked through the park by the pond to the old Palace, where the king was holding a levee. As I had no court dress, and no introduction, I concluded to defer paying my respects to his majesty, and turned off to Westminster Abbey.

Mercy! what a place! Every thing of this kind must and *will* far exceed the expectations of the uninitiated. I gazed with as much wonder on the gigantic and venerable pile, as if I had never heard of it before. The natural feeling of awe with which one is impressed on approaching the entrance, is not much increased, however, when he sees the sign over the door, '*Admittance three pence.*' John Bull must have his fees, it seems, for every thing, and does not scruple to fill his pockets by exhibiting the sepulchres of the mighty dead. I thought of the man who was awakened from his solemn reverie after public worship in the Abbey, by the beadle's announcement :

'Sarvice is done — it's two-pence now.  
For them as wants to stop!'

I entered by the Poet's Corner, which, and indeed the whole of the abbey, has been described so often, that nothing more need be said. Having 'done' the poets, I paid an additional shilling to proceed, and was then at liberty to go where I pleased; and it is no very short walk, that one may take through those long, lofty arches and chapels. Monuments *of* all sorts, and *to* all sorts, are as thick as blackberries, in every part of the edifice. Many of them comprise three or four emblematic figures in a group — some most exquisitely designed and chiselled. I saw so many to admire, that I can scarcely remember one. There are little enclosures against the walls of the abbey, filled with tombs and monuments, principally of kings, queens, and knights of old. It was curious indeed to see those effigies of knights in complete armor, cut in stone or wrought in iron, laid out on the tombs, as if they were the very bodies of those renowned heroes of chivalry, preserved there to frighten or enlighten their degenerate descendants. Many of these tombs are four, five, and six centuries old. Mary Queen of Scots has a beautiful one. There is a marble effigy of her, too, laid out on the tomb, and you can easily imagine you are seeing the lovely and ill-fated queen herself, as she appeared in her death-robcs. The haughty Elizabeth sleeps in an adjoining apartment. I noticed, also, monuments and sculptures of the two princes murdered in the Tower by the bloody Richard, of Henry Eighth, and indeed of all the kings and queens since Edward First. The monuments to public individuals, and those who have distinguished *themselves*, are in the more open part of the abbey. Folios and quartos in abundance have been filled with their history and description; and to these I must refer you for 'farther particulars.'

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FRIDAY. — To-day I procured a nice little saddle-horse, and took a ride round the parks — going up the gay and splendid Regent-street and Portland Place, by the Colosseum, the Crescent, and the range of

terraces, which are like one continued palace, along Regent's Park. I stopped at the Zoological Gardens, which are very like Niblo's, as they are laid out; but besides the immense collection of plants and flowers of almost all species, fountains, etc., here are wild animals, quadrupeds, birds, and amphibiæ, of many species which have never been exhibited in our country, and you see them almost in their natural state; not chained up in cages and close rooms, but allowed free air and exercise. Bears were climbing poles; and scores of water-birds were revelling in the luxuries of a pond. There are more than two hundred different species of parrots, and all are together. But the chief 'lions' at present, are the beautiful *Giraffes* and their attending Arabs, recently arrived. Well, as I was saying, I made the circuit of Regent's Park, and then rode down to Hyde Park, which is smaller, but more frequented. Hyde Park Corner is famous all over the world. Nothing can exceed the gayety and splendor of the scene on a fine afternoon, at this season — the superb equipages of the great, with the gold-laced and crimson-velveted footman — the ladies and gentlemen on horseback in another path, and the pedestrians in a third — but all mingled in dashing confusion. I rode boldly in among the best of them, and had a fine chance to inspect the interior of the carriages, and the pretty faces of my lady this, and the duchess of that — for many of these great ladies are really pretty — and with what exquisite neatness and elegance some of them dress! The ladies on horseback invariably wear men's hats — literally, and without the least alteration, except that a black veil is appended. This is the fashion at present. What a luxury these parks are, in such a city as this! To have a fine open space of three or four hundred acres, kept in the nicest order, with foot-paths, and carriage-paths, groves and ponds, etc., surrounded by a collection of palaces! I can well believe Willis' remark, that the West End of London is unequalled in Europe. One of Miss Edgeworth's heroes rescued a child from drowning in 'the Serpentine river.' When I read it, the idea of a *river*, in what I imagined a little park, somewhat larger than Washington-Square, seemed laughable enough; but this Serpentine river *is* in this park, and might drown the king, if he should fall into it. The Humane Society have a house and boats close by, to receive the luckless wights who get drowned. There is good fishing in the river, and it looks fresh and clear, and it is delightful to ride along its banks on a warm day. These parks, especially Regent's, would make a large farm. They afford abundant room for an airy ride or walk, without going out of the city. At Hyde Park Corner is Apsley House, the duke of Wellington's residence, and close by is the colossal statue of Achilles, cast from cannon taken in the duke's battles, and erected to commemorate them by 'his countrywomen.'

LAST Saturday I took it into my head to go to Woolwich, nine miles from London, to help the Prince of Orange review the troops. By dint of active exertion, I attained a seat on the deck of a bit of a steam-boat, loaded with two hundred and fifty pleasure-seeking

mortals like myself, while as many more were left disconsolate on the wharf—inadmissible. Off we went with the tide, *under* Westminster, Waterloo, Blackfriars, Southwark, and London Bridges, *over* Thames Tunnel, and *between* a multitude of ships and steam-boats, large boats and small boats, rowed perhaps by a Jacob Faithful, or his posterity, and following the serpentine course of 'Old Father Thames' through a beautiful green meadow, passed Greenwich, and arrived at our ultimatum in good time to see the show. The prince was dressed as a general, decorated with half-a-dozen badges of different orders; and he galloped about the field in true military style, accompanied by his two sons, and a squadron of princes, dukes, lords, etc. They fired bombs, and had a grand imitation-battle, with horse-artillery—in other words, a *sham-fight*, which was all vastly fine. Returning, I walked to Greenwich, three miles, where, as you know, is the observatory from which longitude is reckoned all over the world, as the school-girls are well aware. The observatory is on a high, steep hill, in the centre of a large and beautiful park, filled with hills and dales, deer, trees, ponds, and every thing pretty. The prospect from the observatory is superb. London on the left—St. Paul's and a few spires only peeping above the dun smoke—the Thames, winding about in a zig-zag direction, covered with the 'freighted argosies' of all nations, some just arrived perhaps from the East Indies or the North pole—some destined for Botany Bay or Nootka Sound; *beyond*, the green hills and meadows; and at your feet this lovely park, and the noble hospital for seamen, on the banks of the river. It is a scene for a painter.

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To-day I have 'done' Thames Tunnel, and laughed at the humors of an English country fair, in true, genuine style, at Greenwich. The tunnel is just like the pictures of it. You have to descend as many steps to get to it as would take you to a church steeple. I walked to the end of this subterraneous cavern, where they were at work, under the very centre of the river. Ugh! Only to think of being at the mercy of those frail brick arches, under the very bed of a mighty river, on which the largest ships are moving over our heads! What if they should come in contact with the arches, at low water! The whole place would be instantly filled, and wo to the luckless wight who happens to be in it! In case of such an accident, there is no chance of escape.

The fair was amusing enough. The immense park I have described was the principal scene, and thousands of country beaux and lasses were cutting up all sorts of capers. Some were running down the steep hills, with dangerous velocity, and many a poor girl fell sprawling in the attempt. Some, in groups, were listening to a strolling songster—some looking through the telescopes and glasses, on the beautiful landscape. Here and there a ring was formed, in which the damsels challenged their swains, by throwing a glove, and then scampering away. The favored one gives chase, brings back the blushing fair one, and gives her a kiss in the centre of the ring. There were many very well dressed and passably pretty girls

among them. I joined in without any ceremony, determined to make the best of the sport. It was marvellous what a sensation I produced! The girls threw the gauntlet as fast as I could overtake them — and merry chases they were.

You will recollect, from 'Kenilworth,' that Elizabeth kept her court at Greenwich, and went from thence to Deptford in a barge, to visit the earl of Sussex — which same voyage I also performed. The same inn where the scene opens, at Cumnor, is yet used as such, but the *sign* had been altered. When the novel came out, the Oxford students went out to Cumnor, four miles, and persuaded mine host to let them put up the sign of 'The Bear' again. The bishops, Ridley and Latimer, were burnt in Broad-street, Oxford, and Antony Foster there acquired his nick-name by 'firing the faggots.' I saw 'Kenilworth' performed at Drury Lane, and it was very well done. The haughty, worthy, sensible, capricious queen was to the life.

#### A TOUCH AT THE TIMES.

'Tis is, indeed, a mighty age —  
 With actors, poets, wits enough  
 To rear an Athens: 't is the rage  
 To be of 'more than common stuff';  
 Rome, in her day, *one* Cæsar claimed —  
 One Richard, too, was England's king;  
 But scores of Cæsars now are nam'd,  
 And scores of Richards *we* can bring.

Our streets are stages: watch the arm  
 Of yon lone urchin — catch his eye;  
 The thunder of a *king* grows warm,  
 And Richard's self stalks proudly by!  
 One hand is laid upon his throne,  
 The other points its shining blade —  
 A monarch, soldier — he alone  
 By nations knelt to, and obey'd:  
 When 'sweep-o-sweep!' dispels the dream —  
 The crown and purple disappear —  
 And he, as usual, 'Jimmy Green,'  
 Who bottles mead and ginger-beer.

And poets, thick as stars on high,  
 Are twinkling on our earth below;  
 You'll know them by the 'rolling eye'  
 Of 'frenzy fine,' (says Shakspeare so:)  
 Some bill and coo, like turtle-doves —  
 Some weep in rhymes, like summer rain,  
 Because their 'dear' and 'darling' loves  
 Have look'd upon them with disdain.  
 They'd eyes like 'stars,' and teeth of 'pearl,'  
 With lips of 'ruby' — 'marble' breast —  
 They had the 'jet' or 'raven' curl —  
 (*Some poets differ which is best.*)

The cynic poet next appears:  
 His thoughts are night-shade, willows, urns;  
 Creation's but a 'vale of tears,'  
 Where pilgrim man all vainly turns



For one bright ray to light his path —  
 For one sweet flower to glad his eye;  
 And death, disease, and fiery wrath,  
 Come down like tempests from the sky;  
 While loud and deep is pour'd along  
 The solemn torrent of his song.

Yet bards immortal we can boast,  
 Around whose temples, fresh and green,  
 Undying leaves of fame are seen;  
 Who lift their foreheads from the host  
 That croak around, as mountains lift  
 Their shining summits, while they throw  
 In shadow all the plain below;  
 Inheritors of a rare gift,  
 That floated in their cradle-dreams —  
 An inspiration pure and strong,  
 That color'd all their boyish themes,  
 And bore them, willing slaves, along.

And, BRYANT, clust'ring round thy name,  
 Hangs genius, wedded unto fame;  
 The autumn hills that rise in gold —  
 The solemn streams by nature roll'd —  
 The quiet vale — the slope and flocks —  
 The brook that tumbles down the rocks —  
 With eloquence discourse of him,  
 Who, angel-like, their beauties caught,  
 And, chaste and pure as seraphim,  
 The prize to living pictures wrought.

HALLECK — whose lyre of many strings,  
 Like the wind-harp its music flings;  
 At home upon the tented plain,  
 At home amid the battle-strife,  
 Where, smoking round the headless slain,  
 Stands the warm current of their life.  
 The poet of the simple cot  
 That rises in some lonely spot —  
 The poet of the heart and soul —  
 Who paints the lovely and sublime —  
 The thunder and the storm — with droll  
 And curious contrasts in his rhyme.

But poets, though their fount of fire  
 Is pure as that which burns above,  
 Had better hang each sounding lyre  
 Together in some willow-grove;  
 Bank-stock and rail-roads, western lands,  
 And mortgages, are now the rage;  
 Devoid of these, a person stands  
 A *goose* upon this mortal stage;  
 There's poetry in the falling chink  
 Of many dollars — rustling bills —  
 The hammer's music, when they think  
 The prize is won — the voice that fills  
 At three o'clock the wide Exchange,  
 Is poetry as well as prose —  
 Sad prose to some: the giant range  
 Of speculation also shows  
 A specimen. These visions bright  
 In beauty float around the brain —  
 Grow wilder in the dreams of night,  
 Till morning curbs their flight again.

I'll take the hint, and rhyme no more:  
 I write for sport, and not for *fame*;  
 As Goldsmith says, on friendship's score,  
 I say: '*What is it but a name?*'

H. H. R.

## O L L A P O D I A N A .

NUMBER NINETEEN.

KIND READER : All eyes of late have been turned toward Washington. The last process of president-making has there been perfected, and the beauty of the republican system made manifest. The national metropolis — which is indeed, and punning aside, a *capital* place — was crowded to abundant repletion. Men, it is said, in the annals of that week, slept wheresoever they could place their superabounding skulls : some in rail-cars, some in the corners of suburban fences, and others, like the harvests of old, were ‘gathered into barns,’ consorting with jealous rats, and provident mousers — lashed by the scampering tails of the one, and visited by the omniscient whiskers of the other. In truth, from all we hear, it was a pressing time altogether, and the bed-market was never so *tight* before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Washington. But why should I enlarge upon this point — an imaginary one as far as I am concerned ?

‘Of the people that suffered from evils that were,  
I cannot tell — for I was not there.’

But the pressure thitherward has awakened the remembrance of a visit to that region some dozens of moons ago. Washington is always *sui generis*, in its main features ; and turnpikes, sheets of water, with towns and cities, do not change materially in so short a time.

Every one who has crossed the line of Mason and Dixon, knows what sort of a river the Delaware is. On one side, as thou goest toward the south, from the city of PENN, thou perceivest the low shore of Jersey, calm and green ; on the other, in the direction of the occident, may be seen the undulating slopes and swells of Pennsylvania, melting into distance ; before thee is the crystal river — an affrighted member of the ichthyological tribe, frightened by the coming boat, springing now and then from its bosom — saltation by steam.

Consider me on my way to the City of Distances. The difference between the two shores and states is preserved, as far as you go. I pointed out to my friends, G. W. C —, and Le Compte C — I, the beauty of the scenes we were passing. The latter enjoyed them with that keen and relishing sense, natural in one but a few months in the country, ‘and sharp with his eyes.’ The tame canals of Europe, the *trekschuyt*, and the sleepy landscapes from its portals of observation, were contrasted with the free and majestic movement of our good steamer, and the scenes from its airy deck, or its cabin windows.

WE are on the Chesapeake. It is early autumn. A few frosts have descended upon the woodlands, whose painted masses hang over the edge of the distant wave, like an ocean of rainbows, just breaking in turbulence upon a lake of pure and molten silver. Golden flashes of sunshine play in tremulous lines for miles along the wave ;

the distant sail flits into indistinctness, and the duck, poisoning its wing on the western gale, skims the blue ridges in the south-east like the messenger of a spirit, dropping ever and anon to float in its nest on the billow, and turn its quick iris to the smoky craft, gliding like a 'sea chimera' on the distant waste.

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THE approach to Baltimore was likeliest to magic. A long pile of rosy clouds — whether the incense of the city, or the offspring of the bay — clung to the base of the town, steeped in the gushes of the sunset, and extending for miles on either hand. Above these clouds rose the domes of cathedrals, churches, and minsters; and over all, the slender but simple and majestic shaft, at which whosoever looketh, he shall be instantly reminded of the Father of his Country, the immortal WASHINGTON. It springs toward the heavens with a plain but a commanding austerity. There, around the crowning statue, breathes the air of freedom; there circulates the sunlight which gilds the pinion of the eagle, or lights the plumage of the dove, as she sails to her rest.

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THE City of Monuments is worth a week of observation. When thou touchest that spot, oh, Tourist! rest thee there awhile. Go forth into the town. Remain not too long at morn over Barnum's rich coffee and cakes, nor at noon over his wines, those succulent, magical things, but get thee out into the thoroughfares. Convey yourself to the Holiday-street Temple: and if the gas *be* dubiously fragrant, thou wilt get respectable dramatics, and thine evening shall be well nigh spent ere it seem begun.

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BALTIMORE, like Boston, is a city of ups and downs. It is memorable to me; for it was in that city of monuments that I had well nigh lost my life. That spice of the adventurous which has accompanied me from my earliest days, led me to ascend the long ladder, said to have been some seventy feet high, placed on the outside of the great dome of the cathedral, then undergoing repairs. The upward distance lent an enchantment to my eye, which was irresistible. I fancied that the view from the 'topmost round' of those tapering ladders, tied together with ropes, would be *magnificent*. I was not disappointed. The bay melted afar into the iris-blue of air — that golden edging, which hangs over forest tops and waters in summer, whose tremulousness makes the eye ache with gazing, and fills the heart with happy and ethereal feelings. Landward, the country spread brightly around, seamed with brown roads, and fading afar into apparent ridges, and swells of cedar-green. It was a calm and cheerful day, and every object in unison one with another. The air was rarified and sweet; the last odor of the latest flowers of summer seemed floating by in the sunshine; and I fancied that the voices of summer-birds, taking their farewells for distant climes, were mingling with them. The shipping in the harbor sent every pennon to the gale; the flag-staffs waved their signals, and, what

with the fresh breeze, and the beauty of the morning, it really seemed a gala-day.

After having fed my eyes with the beauty of the scene, from the extreme height of the ladder — the voices of the workmen in the cupola, or on the ballustrade above, making a pleasant hum in my ear — I prepared to descend. But the moment I looked toward the earth, a *dizziness* came upon me, which almost led me to instantaneous self-abandonment. My brain reeled, my eyes grew dim — a sleepy sensation crept over me — the whole cathedral seemed to recede from my gaze — and for a moment I seemed as if sailing in the air. I had not descended more than a dozen rounds, when my tottering steps and trembling hands really seemed to refuse their office. My sickness increased, and a languor crept over my perceptions, like the effect of an anodyne. I felt myself absolutely becoming *indifferent* to my peril, though I knew it well. I was in truth as if in a dream; and I can safely aver, that I felt myself losing all consciousness, when I heard one of the laborers above — and the words came to my ear as if from the supernatural lips of a spirit — exclaim, ‘*My God! that young gentleman is going to fall!*’

This sentence went like fire to my brain, and rolled like a flood of lava over every nerve. It restored me instantly to a full perception of my case, and my course. I grasped the rounds of the ladder with the firmness which a drowning man exhibits when clutching, in the bubbling groan of his last agony, at the slenderest spar. Every foot-fall shook the ladder from end to end; and when I touched the ground, I felt precisely as if rescued from the grave.

FROM Baltimore to Washington, the route is what one might call *dull*. Such, at least, was the impression of the road upon our party of three and a servant, as we wheeled over the yellow line, y’clept a turnpike. The view therefrom is limited, being confined to a few brown landscapes, describing, as it were, a stone’s-throw radius on either hand. One stirring scene, however, I must needs except. There is a point, as you go from Baltimore, Washington-ward, where the former city lifts itself in supreme beauty along the line of the horizon. Dome, tower, and temple, point their glowing indices toward that heaven to which their ministering spirits guide the way; a wide lapse of silver bounds the view; and over all, like a pyramid above the plains of Memphis or of Thebes, or like to the Needles, named of her who wooed an ANTHONY to her bosom, and who fed from those fair orbs the scorpion which killed her — rose that thin shaft which commemorates the fame of WASHINGTON — *the Saviour of his Country*. As I turned my head, (thrust forth in search of the picturesque, from the window of our extra,) to survey the parting glories of that tall white column, my heart swelled into my throat; for, my dear American reader, I am peculiarly susceptible of patriotic influences. A sign-post, with WASHINGTON at its top, calls forth my admiration. I have wept at the plaudits of an audience at the theatre, when the falling of a new drop-curtain has disclosed the form or features of the *Pater Patriæ*. Simple, republican, austere in honor, sublime in war, beloved in peace — when shall we look

upon his like again? I am not of those who fancy that any eulogy can be misused upon his memory; nor do I think that terms and tributes, though often repeated, can ever grow familiar or aged, when applied to his name. Therefore I offer, as the best *synopsis* of his merits, a stanza which may be familiar to many, and yet new to the majority of those who now follow my words:

‘His was Octavian’s prosperous star —  
The rush of Cæsar’s conquering car,  
At Battle’s call;  
His Scipio’s virtue; his the skill  
And the indomitable will  
Of Hannibal:  
His was Aurelius’ soul divine,  
The clemency of Antonine,  
And generous will:  
In tented field and bloody fray,  
An Alexander’s vigorous sway,  
And stern command;  
The faith of Constantine — ay, more —  
The fervent love Camillus bore  
His native land.’

The sun had gone to bed in a pile of fleecy and feathery clouds, flushed like the heart of a summer rose, long before we had reached the Great Capital. A storm came on; the rain pattered heavily against our carriage-window; and when we first caught the reflection of lights against them from the lamps in the vicinity of the capitol, it seemed as if we had embarked in a vehicle, chartered by Phæton, to be conveyed whithersoever his eccentric whipship would.

A PRESENTATION at the American court, at a private audience, and with a foreign functionary, is not an ordinary matter of your working-day world. With anticipations of this sort, so it was that I was awakened by our attendant in a crowded sky-parlor at GADSBY’S, through whose uppermost casement I looked, and saw the splendors of an autumnal morning sun streaming over the capitol, at the distant end of Pennsylvania Avenue. But, what a strange *mélange* of town and country between! Fields near at hand; rural waters twinkling nigh; and at long intervals, the indications of a city. One finds no direct chance of deciding upon his whereabouts. At first, he fancies it may be *rus in urbe*; at the next moment, he concludes himself surrounded *cum urbs in rure*. Thenceforth, those abstruse mysteries, the points of a compass — properly belonging to the shipman’s card, and not manipulated by lubbers o’ the land — become to him inexplicable enigmas. He knows the contradistinction of head and heels, barely: all facts beyond outventure his philosophy.

THERE is a halo of ‘glorification,’ after all, about a functionary, high in office and place, which makes the heart of your humble denizen beat quicker, as he approaches the imperial den. Thus it was with me, as our coach wheeled up to the mansion where *le Comte* was to find himself accredited. The ceremonies on such occasions are

pleasant to the spectator, and though simple, are imposing. A group of gray-heads and time-worn forms; expressions of polite regards, in different accents and various language; bows and kind assurances, are the staple scenes and sounds on such occasions.

At the same time, it is right republican to see the President, with a free-and-easy air, ask his Secretary of State to light a paper that he may convey the blaze thereof to a pipe, the stem of which would not measure in length more than three inches, and the smoke from the bowl thereof would coil up within a hair's breadth of the presidential nose. It reminds one of those calm and luxurious times, signalized in the reign of WOUTER VAN TWILLER, in the days when the KNICKERBOCKERS — pyramids of their day and generation — towered aloft in Dutch and daring dignity.

Among the fair women of that day and hour, was the gifted and accomplished \*\*\*\* L — . Song, it was said, had breathed around her footsteps from lyres of fame; and one devoted bard — (so Rumor breathes) — poured after her, when abroad, the song that ensueth. He had heard, erroneously, that she was dead :

‘ TO CORA .

I.

‘ I SANG to thee my matin hymn  
In life's auspicious hour,  
Ere the sunlight of joy grew dim,  
O'er beauty's vernal bower :  
For all the wealth of heaven above,  
And all beneath the sea,  
I would not then have sold the love  
Thou freely gav'st to me.

II.

‘ When youth's bright hopes began to fail,  
I sung an altered strain —  
The farewell to the fading sail  
That bore thee o'er the main :  
And as I pressed thy gentle form,  
And heard thy parting vow,  
Thy kisses on my lips were warm,  
Thy tears were on my brow !

III.

‘ Still fall those tears ? Sweet mourner, no !  
Beyond the unquiet wave,  
Thy broken heart forgot its wo,  
But only in the grave !  
There Memory weeps — while trusting Love  
Looks through the clouds of even,  
To view thine angel form above,  
A habitant of heaven !

Nothing can well be prettier, or more pathetic, than this effusion : yet the catastrophe part, as my friend of the Albany Argus would say, was ‘ gratuitous.’ The parties afterward, mayhap, read it together, and pointed out the chronological inaccuracies : which reminds me, or *might* remind me, of a circumstance lately related in one of the western papers, where a gentleman who had been advertised as deceased, wrote a polite note to the editor of the journal,

(who had thus among his *personal* ship-news recorded a false clearance for eternity,) somewhat as follows :

'MY DEAR SIR: Will you allow me to correct a slight statement in your last, with reference to my death? I am grateful for the compliments to my character in your obituary notice, and I believe them *deserved*. That I tried to do the handsome thing while I lived, is most true; true, too, is it, that I never backed out of a fight, and never saw the man that could whip me, when alive; and I say the same yet, 'being dead,' according to your story. But when you state, that I left my affairs unsettled, and my widow and those eleven children unprovided for, I have only to state, that *you lie in your throat!* I mean no offence in what I say; I speak in the aggregate sense of the term. Being a dead man, and printed down as such in your columns, I am incapable of mortal resentments; but I leave as my avengers, CAIN, ABEL, and SIMPEKINS, printers and publishers of the *Occidental Trumpet and Mississippi Battle-Axe*. To the editor of that paper, I submit my fame. To his indomitable coolness, never yet ruffled by repeated contumely, and invulnerable to contempt, I confide my reputation: feeling certain that one who has never found satisfaction for any insult, (nor sought it indeed,) can fail to be a champion in my cause. That he may be in peril in my advocacy, is possible; but he knows how to shun it. He is independent, for he is unknown; he is fearless, for no man will touch a hair of his head. To that immortal GULLIVER, in whatsoever cave or fastness he may dwell, I surrender my fame. Yours, 'till death,

ROSWELL ADAMS GREENE.'

But I wander—and I recall my rambling spirit back to the American capital.

ATTENDED church. 'T is a dull business in Washington. One's devotional feelings, that in ordinary cities kindle and rise heavenward, at the anthems of the choir, or the pealing of the organ, come down, in the metropolis of the republic, to the shallow and factitious distinctions of this common sphere of earth. The preachers at Washington have been variously described. Just before the session of the National Legislature, as at the period of which I speak, crowds of the reverend cloth convene, for the chaplaincy of Congress, and other purposes. Of course, as many of these as can, accomplish the entré to the metropolitan desk, to display their powers. The divine I had the happiness to hear, in some respects resembled the man whom my dear lamented SANDS described in his 'Scenes at Washington.' *Argument* was his hobby; and he would curtail a sentence of its dimensions, and subvert all gleanings, scriptural, historical, or political, to fortify the same. He reminded me of that queer and rural divine, of whom I have heard in Massachusetts, who found his congregation indulging in all the extravagances of provincial fashion, and rebuked them *en masse*, (especially the fairer part, who indulged in flaunting top-knots, and dresses of the head,) by choosing for one of his sermons the following text: '*Top-knot come down!*' From this text he deduced a world of sacred ratiocination: He expatiated upon the uselessness of top-knots, and enlarged upon the scriptural injunction that they should come down. Toward the close of his sermon, he confessed that he had merely adopted a *clause*; but he said that any detached sentence, even, from Holy Writ, was profitable for *reproof* and for *instruction*. 'The context of the clause,' he added, 'I will now join with the text. It is thus written: 'Let him that is on the house-top *not come down*.' Comment is unnecessary!'



THERE is a story of this same man of God, now gathered to his fathers, (or named at least of him,) for which I have great respect. It seems that he encountered a confirmed infidel one evening at a donation-party — a man who respected the pastor of the town, though he did not credit his doctrines. By accident, they engaged in a controversy, and the infidel endeavored to prove, by Holy Writ, in the same text-choosing method for which his opponent was proverbial, that the priests of old were drunkards, and that they imbibed ‘potations pottle deep,’ in public.

‘How do you prove that? Give me an instance,’ said the clerical gladiator.

‘Well,’ was the reply, ‘look at the coronation of SOLOMON, where it is expressly stated that Zadok, the priest who anointed him, *‘took a horn.’*’

Yes, said he of the cloth, but you don’t give the whole passage, which is this: ‘And Zadok the priest took a horn *of oil*, and anointed Solomon.’

‘I did not say what he did with his horn,’ rejoined the infidel; ‘I only contended that he *took it.*’

‘Good — very good!’ responded the divine, warming at the quiz which he saw was directed toward himself: ‘You are ingenious in your argument: but I can prove by the Scriptures, in the same way, that instead of being here, resolving doubts and disputing with me, you should be swinging on a gallows at this moment, by your own consent and deed.’

‘No, no — *that’s* beyond your skill; and if you will establish what you propose, by any kind of ratiocination, I will confess my deserts, as soon as they are shown.’

‘Agreed. Now do we not read in the Bible, that ‘Judas went and hanged himself?’

‘Yes, we do.’

Do we not find, in an another part of the Sacred Word, ‘*Go thou and do likewise?*’

‘Yes; you have proved that, as far as you go. What next?’

‘Only one clause more,’ replied the divine. The Bible also says, ‘*What thou doest, do quickly.*’ Now, my friend, go and hang yourself at once!’

‘Not till I show you the text to your charity sermon, preached for the Widow’s Society in Boston, last spring.’ Here it is; and there is a word there, which you either have not properly written or properly read.

Saying this, he drew a pamphlet from his pocket, and pointed to the opening passage. It ran thus: ‘Then he rebuked the winds, and the sea, and lo! there was a great *clam!*’ Why do you bring your texts to such an amphibious and testaceous termination?

The good man was thunder-struck. He acknowledged that there was an error; but he contended that shell-fish might have existed at that ancient period:

‘E’en though vanquished, he could argue still.’

UNFORTUNATELY, typical mutations in published mss. have come down to the present day. Not many moons since, I was called upon by a small and humble-looking person, in green spectacles, behind which there rolled two enormous gray eyes. He said he was a man of many occupations, and sometimes dabbled in literature. He had thoughts of buying some western lands, if any one would credit him for six years, and in that way make his fortune. A friend in Texas had also assured him that he could get some lots there on the same terms. In these enterprises he wished me to join him. But first, and before showing me some poetry which had been spoilt in the publication, he wished me to loan him a shilling, and accept his note to that amount, 'with sixty days to run.' A humorous thought struck me, and I chose the latter, with the direction that he should try it for discount at the United States' Bank. The next day I received a carefully-written 'business letter' from him, which (after promising to call on me in an hour after I received it,) contained the ensuing:

'December 17.

'MY DEAR SIR: I have had an interview with Mr. BIDDLE, and truly lament my inability to communicate satisfactory results. I fear that until the resolution of the Senator from Ohio, in regard to the repeal of the Treasury order, is finally disposed of, the trading interests will materially suffer.

'The Board of Directors, however, have some reason to indulge in the pleasing hope, that a small keg of ten-cent-pieces will arrive from Tinicum, some time during the ensuing week; in which case, the president has promised to exert his influence in my behalf on the next discount-day.

'If we should be successful in ultimately elevating the breeze (raising the wind) on my promissory note, we can proceed without delay to our contemplated acquisitions in Michilimackinac lands, and Texas scrip. Your obedient friend,

'ZEBEDEE FUSSY.'

He was with me, almost before I had read his letter. 'Ah!' said he, 'reading my scroll, I see. Funny circumstance. But never mind. You make pieces sometimes for the *Knickerbocker*, don't you? — apt kind o' pieces, that come out of your head? I borrow that there periodical, sometimes, of a friend, and I seen a piece-t there about a man who was the 'Victim of a Proof-Reader.' I am one of that class. Two years ago I was in love. I was *jilted*. Hang details; the upshot is the main thing. Well, I had tried the young lady, and found her wanting; and I thought I would quote a line of Scripture onto her, as a motto for some bitter and reproachful verses.' So, holding a manuscript in one hand high up, and placing the other arm a-kimbo, he read as follows:

'TO ONE FOUND WANTING.

—  
'Mene, mene, tekel upharsin!' — SCRIPTURE.

—  
'Thou art no more, what once I knew  
Thy heart and guileless tongue to be;  
Thou art no longer pure and true,  
Nor fond, to one who knelt to thee;  
Who knelt, and deemed thee all his own,  
Nor knew a dearer wish beside;  
Who made his trembling passion known,  
And looked to own thee for a bride.

What is the vow that once I heard  
From those balm-breathing lips of thine?  
Broken, ah! broken, word by word,  
E'en while I worshipped at thy shrine!

Broken by thee, to whom I bowed,  
 As bends the wind-flower to the breeze,  
 As bent the Chaldean, through the cloud,  
 To Orion and the Pleiades.

‘But thou art lost! and I no more  
 Must drink thy undeceiving glance;  
 Our thousand fondling spells are o’er —  
 Our raptured moments in the dance.  
 Vanished, like dew-drops from the spray,  
 Are moments which in beauty flew;  
 I cast life’s brightest pearl away,  
 And, false one! breathe my last adieu!’

Here he stopped — his gray eyes rolling in a wild frenzy — and drew a newspaper from his breeches pocket. ‘Sir,’ said he, striking an attitude, ‘I sent them verses for to be printed into the *‘Literary Steam-boat and General Western Alligator.’* It is a paper, Sir, with immense circulation. A column in it, to be read by the boatmen and raftsmen of the west, is immortality. I say nothing. Just see how my infusion was butchered. I can’t read it.’

I took the paper, a little yellow six-by-eight folio, and read thus :

‘TO ORE, FOUND WASHING.

—  
 ‘Mere, mere, treacle, O’ Sartin!’ — SCULPTURE.

‘Thou hast no means, at once to slew  
 Thy beasts, and girdless tongues to tree;  
 Thou hast no l’argent, pure and true,  
 Nor feed, for one who knelt to thee:  
 Who knelt, and dreamed thy all his own,  
 Nor knew a drearer wish betidle,  
 Who maid his tumbling parsnips known,  
 And looked to arm thee for a bridle!’

‘What is the row? what once I heard  
 From those brow-beating limps of thine?  
 Brokers! oh, brokers! one by one,  
 E’en while I worshipped at thy shine!  
 Broker by three! to whom I lowed,  
 As lends the wind-flaw to the tries;  
 As burst the chaldron thro’ the clod,  
 To Onions, and the fleas as dies!’

‘But thou art lost! and I no more  
 Mus dirk thy undeceiving glance;  
 One thous & friendly squills are o’er,  
 Our ruptured moments in the dance!  
 Varnished, like dew-drops from the sprag,  
 Are moments which in business flew!  
 I cut life’s brightest peal a-wag,  
 And false one, break my bust — a dieu!’

On breaking into a loud laugh at the utter stupidity of this typical metamorphosis, I found that the stranger grew red in the face. He snatched the paper from my hand, and disappeared, making his bow as he retired.

And, beloved reader, having exceeded my boundaries, let me do the same.

Thine till doomsday,

OLLAPOD.

## L O R D R O S S E L I N .

'And if he love her not, oh! then give pity  
To her whose state is such, she cannot choose  
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose.'

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is revel loud in the castle walls,  
The noble have thronged to its festive halls:  
Music floats out on the evening breeze,  
As it sweeps through the old ancestral trees;  
Flowers, in garland and gay festoon,  
Glow in a light as the blaze of noon.  
With their 'brodered robes, with their rich gems crowned,  
Meet chieftain and peer the full board around,  
In the sculptured cup foams the blood-red wine,  
The purple fruits from their gold vase shine:  
Lord Rosselin sits by 'a ladye bright';  
There is not a shade on his soul this night;  
He is watching the glance of her full dark eye,  
For the softness of woman perchance too high;  
Perchance on her brow is a gleam too proud,  
As she speaks like a queen to the listening crowd.  
The white rose wreathed in her braided hair,  
With the glow on her cheek forms a contrast fair;  
A thin veil is shading that cheek's deep hue,  
Like the blonden cloud that the moon shines through;  
The orient pearls on her bosom seen,  
Well become her graceful and courtly mien;  
On her snowy hand gleams a ring of gold —  
By that simple pledge is her whole life told:  
From the titled and great at her feet that bowed,  
She hath chosen Lord Rosselin, and deeply vowed;  
In his bright flashing eye is a rapturous pride,  
As they quaff to the health of his high-born bride.

THERE 's a lowly and tranquil cottage home,  
Through the dark trees seen from that pillared dome;  
On the vine-wreathed porch sits a maiden now,  
With a settled grief on her pallid brow.  
She watches the lights on the castle walls,  
And the music that, mellowed in distance, falls;  
She is singing a gentle and plaintive lay,  
Of a knight that proved faithful though far away:  
Her bosom heaved and her pale cheek burned,  
As her eye just then on her bracelet turned,  
But the blush has past: — she is kneeling low,  
Claspt are her hands in prayer's deep flow.  
Lord Rosselin had taught her that true-love song,  
As together they watched the moonbeams long.  
He had circled her arm with those jewels rare,  
To her simple robe so unsuited there;  
For a blessing now her white lips moved,  
On the glorious bride that Lord Rosselin loved.  
He had stolen her heart with vows of faith,  
She had dreamt of change from nought save death!  
What to him was she now on that proud day?  
A rose-bud just gathered to fling away!  
Those stars had shone on her joyous form,  
Fresh with the hopes at her young heart warm;  
They had looked on her oft as she sate alone,  
Straining her ear for a step well known;  
They were shining now o'er her soul's deep gloom —  
Soon, alas! shall they stream o'er her unwept tomb.

Elizabeth-town, (N. J.), 1837.

H. L. B.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY, CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO NATURAL THEOLOGY. By the REV. WILLIAM BUCKLAND, D.D. In two volumes, 8vo. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM, and G. AND C. CARVILL AND COMPANY.

THIS is one of the series commonly known as the Bridgewater Treatises, from the munificent bequest of the earl of that name, left by the testator to be paid to the person or persons selected by the President of the Royal Society, who should write a work upon the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation. The subject being thought too vast and varied to admit of being treated successfully by any one individual, it was subdivided into eight parts, and that portion which gives the title to the work before us was assigned to the Rev. WILLIAM BUCKLAND, a gentleman already distinguished by his scientific researches, his lectures at Oxford, and his ingenious and original views with regard to the geological structure of the earth, and the causes of the many changes which it has undergone during the lapse of past ages. The work under notice is so voluminous, and the matters treated of so various, that our limits will scarcely allow of even an outline of it. As the importance of the subject, however, must be apparent to all, we will make the attempt.

Before entering upon the matters especially considered by Dr. Buckland, it may be well to explain to the reader the nebulous theory, as it is called, of La Place, which is the result of the labors of that great astronomer, and which the author seems to think the most reasonable yet devised. At some very remote period of time, then, La Place supposes that the solar atmosphere extended beyond the orbit of the most distant planet. In this state, it resembled one of these nebulae, described by Herschel, many of which may be faintly seen with the naked eye; in a clear night, composed of a bright nucleus, surrounded by nebulosity, which by gradual condensation becomes a star. Let us suppose such a condensation, which must be very gradual, to take place in the primitive solar atmosphere. The laws of dynamics show, that as the condensation proceeds, the sun's rotation will be accelerated, and the centrifugal force, at the verge of the atmosphere, increased, and the limits which depend upon the magnitude of this centrifugal force contracted.

'In this manner,' to quote the words of an ingenious writer, 'as the condensation proceeds, zones of vapor will be successfully abandoned, which, by their condensation, and the mutual attraction of their particles, will form so many concentric rings of vapor, circulating round the sun. But the regularity that this formation requires, in the arrangement of the particles of the zone, and in their cooling, must have made this phenomenon extremely rare. Accordingly, we see but one instance of it in the solar system—that of the rings which circulate around Saturn. In most cases, each ring of vapors would divide into several masses, which would continue to circulate around the sun. Mechanical considerations show, that these masses would assume a spheroidal form, with a motion of rotation in the same direction as that of revolution. The formation of the planets being conceived to take place in this manner, we may

easily imagine that an ulterior condensation has produced, in a similar way, the satellites revolving round the planets.'

The above is La Place's theory of the formation of the solar system. Dr. Buckland begins where the French philosopher ends, and supposes the earth, when first it assumed a spheroidal form, to have been an incandescent mass, in a semi-fluid state, encircled with a dense atmosphere of vapor, consisting mostly of steam. In process of time, as the surface began to cool, from the radiation of heat into space, an external crust gradually formed, composed of oxydated metals and metalloids, constituting rocks of the granite series, around a nucleus of melted matter, such as now forms the compact lava. That crystallization can be produced by the agency of heat, we know, from the researches of Professor Kersten, who found crystals of felspar on the walls of a furnace where copper ore had been melted; which discovery proves the igneous origin of the crystalline rocks. By degrees, as the earth cooled, the *surrounding vapor* became condensed, and was converted into water, which seeking its own level, took the shape of oceans and seas. Thither the first *debris* of the dry lands would naturally be carried, and would have formed immense beds of mud, sand, and gravel, at the bottom of the seas, had not other forces been employed to raise them into dry land. These forces must have been the expansive powers of steam, which caused the elevation of the primitive rocks to the tops of the highest mountains, and which are still exerted in producing the phenomena of volcanoes. These convulsions at the present day are very reasonably accounted for, by supposing fissures to have been made, during the process of cooling, in the external crust of the earth, which would let the waters of the ocean pass through and come in contact with the great mass of melted matter beneath. The immense force of the elastic vapor thus suddenly generated, would be sufficient to lift the bed of the ocean far above its surface, and change its lowest depths to the greatest elevations. This explains satisfactorily the phenomenon of marine shells on lofty mountains, and accounts for the various degrees of inclination of the strata of rocks, which give evidence of the great force of the internal power that has upheaved them from their primitive horizontal position. It is to the agency of this power, also, that we are to attribute the immense repositories of coal, which, in the form of dense, luxuriant forests, flourished on the earth, until, overwhelmed by masses of earth and rock, it was converted into a mine of wealth and comfort to man, to be discovered after the lapse of ages.

We have thus far confined ourselves to the changes which inorganic matter may be supposed to have undergone, since the formation of the earth. We now come to speak of the systems of organic life which are shown to have existed, by their fossil remains. When the earth had cooled sufficiently to permit the condensation of the surrounding vapor into water, and as soon as this became reduced in temperature to a tepid state, we can conceive of the existence of the *Mollusca*, which were the first organized beings of whose being we have any evidence. We find many and various forms of these, mixed with numerous remains of articulated and radiated animals, in the lowest and most ancient strata that contain any traces of organic life. This is in strict accordance with what might well be supposed, since animals of the lowest order, and simplest formation, would naturally precede those of a higher grade, and more complex structure. Next in order, are the fishes and the amphibious animals of the *Saurian* family, which made them their food.

During the ages which the author significantly terms the 'age of reptiles,' none of the more perfect *Mammalia* had begun to appear; but the most formidable inhabitants, both of land and water, were crocodiles and lizards, of various forms, and often of gigantic size — which are embraced under the general appellation of *Saurians*, fitted to endure the turbulence and continual convulsions of the troubled surface of our new world.



These are remarkable for their capacious jaws, armed with rows of teeth, and their flippers, or paddles, resembling those of a turtle, which gave them great speed in the water, and enabled them to wage a devastating war against their finny prey. Among these, geologists rank a singular animal, called the *Pterodactyle*, an extinct genus of the family of Saurians, adapted, by a peculiarity of structure, to fly in the air; which Cuvier considers the most extraordinary of the animals that have come under his view. Imagine a large lizard, with wings, and we may have a faint idea of the appearance of this remarkable animal. The earth, at the period when the Saurians most abounded, was probably for the greater part a marsh, with islands here and there, and covered with rank, luxuriant vegetation. When the great convulsions which so much changed its external appearance, took place, the Saurians, being no longer needed, became extinct, and were buried among the upheaving strata.

Next to the Saurians, we find the fossil remains of more perfect animals, occupying a yet higher rank in the scale of being. Among them the *Dinotherium*, the largest of terrestrial Mammalia, and the *Megatherium*, are foremost in importance. These immense animals have deposited their gigantic frames in every quarter of the globe; since hardly a museum or repository of the sciences, throughout the world, is without some fragment of their skeletons. They are supposed to have immediately preceded man, in the epoch of their existence, and, from the structure of their teeth and feet, subsisted upon roots and shrubs. When the earth was untenanted by man, they were enabled to find subsistence in the abundant vegetation which covered its surface; but as soon as the human race began to occupy it, they seem to have been withdrawn by a wise Providence, as being no longer a useful link in the chain of animal being.

The author has a very interesting chapter to show that the appointment of death, by the agency of carnivorous animals, is a dispensation of divine benevolence; and we think he supports his position by weighty arguments. In another chapter, he shows incontestably, that had it not been for the agency of subterranean heat, the earth would have been one unvaried mass of granite and lava, and that, bound around as it would have been with concentric coverings, like an onion, it would have been impossible ever to have reached the internal treasures of limestone, coal, salt, and the metals, which contribute so much to the comfort of civilized life.

A long chapter on the consistency of geological discoveries with the Mosaic account of the creation, is at the head of this work. We do not profess to be able to criticize the doctor's arguments; but we must say that they seem to us Procrustean and refined, to an extreme. He closes with a chapter on the geological proof of a Deity, which alone is well worth the price of the work. Toward the close, he observes: 'If I understand geology aright,' says Professor HITCHCOCK, (a correspondent of this Magazine, whom our author frequently quotes, with high approbation,) it only enlarges our conception of the Deity; and when men shall cease to regard it with jealousy and narrow-minded prejudices, they will find that it opens fields of research and contemplation as wide and as grand as astronomy itself.' And Dr. Buckland adds, that the result of his researches has been to fix more steadily, and to exalt more highly, the conviction of the immensity of the CREATOR's might, majesty, wisdom, goodness, and sustaining providence, and to penetrate him with a profound and sensible perception of the high veneration man's intellect owes to God. In conclusion, we would remark, that we consider this treatise as one of the most convincing and powerful efforts of reason we have ever read, and as such recommend it to our readers. The plates which fill the second volume are exceedingly well executed, and the typography of the work is equally creditable to the publishers.

NICK OF THE WOODS, OR THE JIBBENAINOSAY! A Tale of Kentucky. By the Author of 'Calavar,' 'The Infidel,' etc. In two volumes. 12mo. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE author of 'Calavar' has won new laurels in this work, which it is no slight praise to say, is a decided improvement upon the best of his previous efforts. The scene is laid in Kentucky, at the time of its earliest settlement; and the principal personages, as will readily be supposed, are brought into frequent contact with the beligerent 'abnegynes,' as Roaring Ralph would term them, who then inhabited that primeval and pleasant region. Of the two principal characters — for such we must consider Bloody Nathan and Roaring Ralph — we can scarcely speak in too exalted terms. No creation of any modern American novelist can lay claim to the originality, the strictly *sui generis* qualities, of the Quaker of the Woods; while Ralph Stackpole, as a Kentucky backwoods hero — a 'ring-tailed roarer' in every sense — stands equally unrivalled.

The conception of the character of 'Bloody Nathan' is a bold one, but throughout the volumes the execution is every way successful. His whole career is one of intense interest; and when, in the developments at its close, which have been adroitly hidden from the impatient reader, we lose sight of him, it is with a feeling of deep regret.

Roaring Ralph, the *mal à propos*, the horse-stealer, the brave, swaggering Stackpole, will convulse the sides of every reader. He is himself alone — 'tarnal death to him, if he is n't;' and although sorely pressed for room, we must afford the reader a slight touch of his quality. He is here just liberated from an animated gallows — to which he had been noosed, in pursuance of a decision of Judge Lynch — by the hero, at the intercession of the heroine:

" 'Cut the tug, the buffalo-tug!' shouted the culprit, thrusting his arms as far from his back as he could, and displaying the thong of bison-skin, which his struggles had almost buried in his flesh. A single touch of the steel, rewarded by such a yell of transport as was never before heard in those savage retreats, sufficed to sever the bond; and Stackpole, leaping on the earth, began to testify his joy in modes as novel as they were frantic. His first act was to fling his arms round the neck of his steed, which he hugged and kissed with the most rapturous affection, doubtless in requital of the docility it had shown when docility was so necessary to its rider's life; his second, to leap half a dozen times into the air, feeling his neck all the time, and uttering the most singular and vociferous cries, as if to make double trial of the condition of his wind-pipe; his third, to bawl aloud, directing the important question to the soldier, 'How many days has it been since they hanged me? War it to-day, or yesterday, or the day before? or war it a whole year ago? For may I be next hung to the horn of a buffalo, instead of the limb of a beech-tree, if I did n't feel as if I had been squeaking thar ever since the beginning of creation! Cock-a-doodle-doo! him that ar'n't born to be hanged, won't be hanged, no-how!' Then running to Edith, who sat watching his proceedings with silent amazement, he flung himself on his knees, seized the hem of her riding-habit, which he kissed with the fervor of an adorer, exclaiming with a vehement sincerity, that made the whole action still more strangely ludicrous, 'Oh! you splendidorous creatur! you annigeliferous annel! here am I, Ralph Stackpole the Screamer, that can whip all Kentucky, white, black, mixed, and Injun; and I'm the man to go with you to the ends of the 'arth, to fight, die, work, beg, and steal hosses for you! I am, and you may make a little dog of me; you may, or a niggur, or a hoss, or a door-post, or a back-log, or a dinner, — 'tarnal death to me but you may eat me! I'm the man to feel a favor, partickearly when it comes to helping me out of a halter; and so just say the word who I shall lick to begin on; for I'm your slave jist as much as that niggur, to go with you, as I said afore, to the ends of the 'arth, and the length of Kentucky over!'

" 'Away with you, you scoundrel and jackanapes,' said Roland, for to this ardent expression of gratitude Edith was herself too much frightened to reply.

" 'Strannger!' cried the offended horse-thief, 'you cut the tug, and you cut the halter; and so, though you did it only on hard axing, I'd take as many hard words of you as you can pick out of a dictionary — I will, 'tarnal death to me. But as for madam thar, the annel, she saved my life, and I go my death in her service; and now 's the time to show sarvice, for thar 's danger abroad in the forest.'

"'Danger!' echoed Roland, his anxiety banishing the disgust with which he was so much inclined to regard the worthy horse-thief; 'what makes you say that?'

"'Strannger,' replied Ralph, with a lengthened visage and a gravity somewhat surprising for him, 'I seed the Jibbenainosay! 'tarnal death to me, but I seed him as plain as ever I seed old Salt! I war a-hanging thar, and squeaking and cussing, and talking soft nonsense to the pony, to keep him out of his tantrums, when what should I see but a great crittur' come tramping through the forest, right off yander by the fallen oak, with a big b'ar before him——'

"'Pish!' said the soldier, 'what has this to do with danger?'

"'Beca'se and because,' said Ralph, 'when you see the Jibbenainosay, thar's always abbregynes in the cover. I never seed the crittur' before, but I reckon it war he, for thar's nothing like him in natur'. And so I'm for cutting out of the forest jist on the track of a streak of lightning——now h'yar, now thar, but on a full run without stopping. And so, if anngeliferous madam is willing, thump me round the 'arth with a crab-apple, if I do n't help her out of the bushes, and do all her fighting into the bargain——I will, 'tarnal death to me!'

"'You may go about your business,' said Roland, with as much sternness as contempt. 'We will have none of your base company.'

"'Whoop! whoo, whoo, whoo! do n't rifle me, for I'm danngerous!' yelled the demi-barbarian, springing on his stolen horse, and riding up to Edith: 'Say the word, marm,' he cried; 'for I'll fight for you, or run for you, take scalp or cut stick, shake fist or show leg, any thing in reason or out of reason. Strannger, thar's as brash as a new hound in a b'ar fight, or a young hoss in a cornfield, and no safe friend in a forest. Say the word, marm——or if you think it ar'nt manners to speak to a strannger, jist shake your little finger, and I'll follow like a dog, and do you dog's sarvice. Or if you do n't like me, say the word, or shake t'other finger, and 'tarnal death to me, but I'll be off like an elk of the prairies!'

The power of vivid description, which the reader will remember we pointed out, in our notice of 'Calavar' in these pages, as a striking merit in our author, is still more forcibly displayed in the volumes under notice. The following extract, which explains itself, will prove the justice of our encomiums:

"'What is the matter?' cried Roland, riding to her assistance. 'Are we in enchanted land, that our horses must be frightened, as well as ourselves?'

"'He smells the war-paint,' said Telie, with a trembling voice; 'there are Indians near us!'

"'Nonsense!' said Roland, looking around, and seeing, with the exception of the copse just passed, nothing but an open forest, without shelter or harbor for an ambushed foe. But at that moment Edith caught him by the arm, and turned upon him a countenance more wan with fear than that she had exhibited upon first hearing the cries of Stackpole. It expressed, indeed, more than alarm——it was the highest degree of terror, and the feeling was so overpowering, that her lips, though moving as in the act of speech, gave forth no sound whatever. But what her lips refused to tell, her finger, though shaking in the ague that convulsed every fibre of her frame, pointed out: and Roland, following it with his eyes, beheld the object that had excited so much emotion. He started himself, as his gaze fell upon a naked Indian stretched under a tree hard by, and sheltered from view only by a dead bough lately fallen from its trunk, yet lying so still and motionless, that he might easily have been passed by without observation in the growing dusk and twilight of the woods, had it not been for the instinctive terrors of the pony, which, like other horses, and, indeed, all other domestic beasts in the settlements, often thus pointed out to their masters the presence of an enemy.

"The rifle of the soldier was in an instant cocked and at his shoulder, while the pedlar and Emperor, as it happened, were too much discomposed at the spectacle to make any such show of battle. They gazed blankly upon the leader, whose piece, settling down into an aim that must have been fatal, suddenly wavered, and then, to their surprise, was withdrawn.

"'The slayer has been here before us,' he exclaimed——'the man is dead and scalped already!'

"With these words he advanced to the tree, and the others following, they beheld with horror, the body of a savage of vast and noble proportions, lying on its face across the roots of the tree, and glued, it might almost be said, to the earth by a mass of coagulated blood, that had issued from the scalped and axe-cloven skull. The fragments of a rifle, shattered, as it seemed, by a violent blow against the tree under which he lay, were scattered at his side, with a broken powder horn, a splintered knife, the helve of a tomahawk, and other equipments of a warrior, all in like manner shivered to pieces by the unknown assassin. The warrior seemed to have perished only after a fearful struggle; the earth was torn where he lay, and his hands, yet grasping the soil, were died a doubled red in the blood of his antagonist, or perhaps in his own.

"While Roland gazed upon the spectacle, amazed, and wondering in what manner the wretched being had met his death, which must have happened very recently, and whilst his party was within the sound of a rifle-shot, he observed a shudder to creep over the apparently lifeless frame; the fingers relaxed their grasp of the earth, and then clutched it again with violence; a broken, strangling rattle came from the throat; and a spasm of convulsion seizing upon every limb, it was suddenly raised a little upon one arm, so as to display the countenance, covered with blood, the eyes retroverted into their orbits, and glaring with the sightless whites. It was a horrible spectacle—the last convulsion of many that had shaken the wretched and insensible, yet still suffering clay, since it had received its death-stroke. The spasm was the last and but momentary; yet it sufficed to raise the body of the mangled barbarian so far that, when the pang that excited it suddenly ceased, and with it, the life of the sufferer, the body rolled over on the back, and thus lay, exposing to the eyes of the lookers-on two gashes wide and gory on the breast, traced by a sharp knife and a powerful hand, and, as it seemed, in the mere wantonness of a malice and lust of blood which even death could not satisfy. The sight of these gashes answered the question Roland had asked of his own imagination; they were in the form of a cross; and as the legend, so long derided, of the forest fiend recurred to his memory, he responded, almost with a feeling of superstitious awe, to the trembling cry of *Telle Doe*:

"It is the *Jibbenainosay*! she exclaimed, staring upon the corpse with mingled horror and wonder; 'Nick of the Woods is up again in the forest!'"

The high-minded Virginian who sustains the important character of the hero, although he is made in reality rather a minor personage, and the noble-spirited yet gentle Edith, are well drawn and well sustained; while the subordinate creations are conceived and managed with judgment. The writer is no friend to the Indian, and has made him act a part accordingly; indeed, to our taste, there is quite too much of the extra-sanguinary in his pages. His canvass, however, is not generally overcrowded; and, save a little extravagance of scene and adventure, in two or three instances, the events are naturally and effectively wrought out. This is a great merit, and one which some of our more popular native authors would do well to emulate. It has become quite too common to interpolate a string of unconnected events upon a pre-conceived nucleus, with no bearing on the main plot, but which are introduced for the mere purpose of bringing in characters and conversations, which only serve to distract the attention, and lessen the interest, of the reader. With these remarks, we commend '*Nick of the Woods*,' with confidence, to the public, and are willing to stake our critical reputation upon its entire success.

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GLEANINGS IN EUROPE: BY AN AMERICAN. In two volumes, 12mo. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM, and G. AND C. CARVILL AND COMPANY.

THIS is one of the most interesting and instructive books of travels that we remember to have read for many a long year. Mr. Cooper spent about eight years in England, and upon the continent, and from the duration of his stay, was enabled to make much more just and accurate observations upon the social and political system of France than any of our travelling-writers have hitherto done. He carried with him the spirit of a true American; not that which characterizes so many of our inditers of letters from beyond the seas, which seeks constantly for subjects by the discussion of which our country may be made to appear advantageously at the expense of another; but a heart whose patriotism did not carry it to the lengths of extravagant prejudice, and which could appreciate and speak of the excellence which any foreign country has attained, in any department of science or the arts, that we might be spurred to emulation by the recital, and not be left in a mist of ignorance and conceit by a servile silence respecting the very matters which it most behooves us to know. We regret that our limits will not allow us to extract, in this connection,

the portion of the second letter in the second volume of the work, wherein the author speaks of the relative civilization of this country and France. We commend the entire chapter to the attention of our readers. Mr. Cooper had the good fortune, when at Paris, to receive visits from SIR WALTER SCOTT, and was for some time an inmate of La Grange, where he found Gen. LAFAYETTE living *à la Cincinnatus*, and probably little anticipating the stormy events in which he was subsequently called to take part. The author was present, also, at one of the *grands couverts* of the king and royal family; and his description of those who then governed, or rather misgoverned, France, naturally brings with it reflections upon the mutability of human affairs, when we see the *enfants de France*, then so cherished and honored, exiles and wanderers on the face of the earth.

An account of some experiments in animal magnetism, near the end of the work, given in a very naïve manner, will, we think, go far to disabuse many minds, now laboring under a delusion respecting this—we beg pardon for the phrase, but we know of none so expressive—humbug.

In brief, we commend these volumes to our readers, as a work replete with sound and patriotic views; and we trust that Mr. Cooper has still enough left of unpublished 'gleanings' on the continent, to favor us with a continuation of the series, and that he will not forget still farther to apply the wholesome maxim, '*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*'

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**TWICE-TOLD TALES.** By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. In one volume. pp. 334. Boston: American Stationers' Company. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS modest volume, which comes before us without preface, or any sort of appeal to the public regard, is well calculated to stand on its own merits, and to acquire enduring popularity. The author possesses the power of winning immediate attention, and of sustaining it, by a certain ingenuous sincerity, and by the force of a style at once simple and graceful. In all his descriptions, whether of scenes or emotions, nature is his only guide. He reminds us, continually, of the author of '*Outre-Mer*,' who, it is but just praise to say, stands nearer to Washington Irving, in his peculiar walk of literature, than any American writer of our day. Let the reader peruse the following, from an essay entitled '*A Rill from the Town Pump*,' and tell us if any thing could be more *Lamb*-like in its natural humor and beauty. The scene is at the corner of two principal streets in Salem, where the Town Pump is '*talking through its nose*:'

"Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke, in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burthen of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town-Pump? The title of 'town-treasurer' is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town-clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.



"At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cup-full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles, to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food, for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town-Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people, who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter: but, when your great toe shall set you a roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town-Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper."

The annexed contains a delicate hint, which should not be lost upon the *ultra* advocates of temperance, who have done no small injury to the good cause by their own intemperance:

"Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance-lectures undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated, by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks, into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honor of the Town-Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon, this spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

"There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends, I know, they are—who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even of a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable



cause of the Town-Pump, in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy-bottle? Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare, which you are to wage — and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives — you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust, and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

"One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink — 'Success to the Town-Pump!'"

In the 'Sights from a Steeple' are conspicuously displayed the happy skill in grouping, and the felicity of expression, so characteristic of our author. A passage or two are subjoined:

"So! I have climbed high, and my reward is small. Here I stand, with wearied knees, earth, indeed, at a dizzy depth below, but heaven far, far beyond me still. O that I could soar up into the very zenith, where man never breathed, nor eagle ever flew, and where the ethereal azure melts away from the eye, and appears only a deepened shade of nothingness! And yet I shiver at that cold and solitary thought. What clouds are gathering in the golden west, with direful intent against the brightness and the warmth of this summer afternoon! They are ponderous air-ships, black as death, and freighted with the tempest; and at intervals their thunder, the signal-guns of that unearthly squadron, rolls distant along the deep of heaven. These nearer heaps of fleecy vapor — methinks I could roll and toss upon them the whole day long! — seem scattered here and there, for the repose of tired pilgrims through the sky. Perhaps — for who can tell? — beautiful spirits are disporting themselves there, and will bless my mortal eye with the brief appearance of their curly locks of golden light, and laughing faces, fair and faint as the people of a rosy dream. Or, where the floating mass so imperfectly obstructs the color of the firmament, a slender foot and fairy limb, resting too heavily upon the frail support, may be thrust through, and suddenly withdrawn, while longing fancy follows them in vain. Yonder again is an airy archipelago, where the sunbeams love to linger in their journeyings through space. Every one of those little clouds has been dipped and steeped in radiance, which the slightest pressure might disengage in silvery profusion, like water wrung from a sea-maid's hair. Bright they are as a young man's visions, and like them, would be realized in chillness, obscurity and tears. I will look on them no more.

"In three parts of the visible circle, whose centre is this spire, I discern cultivated fields, villages, white country-seats, the waving lines of rivulets, little placid lakes, and here and there a rising ground, that would fain be termed a hill. On the fourth side is the sea, stretching away towards a viewless boundary, blue and calm, except where the passing anger of a shadow flits across its surface, and is gone. Hitherward, a broad inlet penetrates far into the land; on the verge of the harbor, formed by its extremity, is a town; and over it am I, a watchman, all heeding and unheeded. \* \* \* \* In two streets, converging at right angles toward my watch-tower, I distinguish three different processions. One is a proud array of voluntary soldiers in bright uniform, resembling, from the height whence I look down, the painted veterans that garrison the windows of a toy shop. And yet, it stirs my heart; their regular advance, their nodding plumes, the sun-flash on their bayonets and musket-barrels, the roll of their drums ascending past me, and the file ever and anon piercing through — these things have awakened a warlike fire, peaceful though I be. Close to their rear marches a battalion of school-boys, ranged in crooked and irregular platoons, shouldering sticks, thumping a harsh and unripe clatter from an instrument of tin, and ridiculously aping the intricate manoeuvres of the foremost band. Nevertheless, as slight differences are scarcely perceptible from a church spire, one might be tempted to ask, 'Which are the boys? — or rather, 'Which the men?' But, leaving these, let us turn to the third procession, which, though sadder in outward show, may excite identical reflections in the thoughtful mind. It is a funeral. A hearse, drawn by a black and bony steed, and covered by a dusty pall; two or three coaches rumbling over the stones, their drivers half asleep; a dozen couple of careless mourners in their every-day attire; such was not the fashion of our fathers, when they carried a friend to his grave. There is now no doleful clang of the bell, to proclaim sorrow to the town. Was the King of Terrors more awful in those days than in our own, that wisdom and philosophy have been able to produce this

change? Not so. Here is a proof that he retains his proper majesty. The military men, and the military boys, are wheeling round the corner, and meet the funeral full in the face. Immediately the drum is silent, all but the tap that regulates each simultaneous foot-fall. The soldiers yield the path to the dusty hearse, and unpretending train, and the children quit their ranks, and cluster on the sidewalks, with timorous and instinctive curiosity. The mourners enter the church-yard at the base of the steeple, and pause by an open grave among the burial stones; the lightning glimmers on them as they lower down the coffin, and the thunder rattles heavily while they throw the earth upon its lid. Verily, the shower is near."

"Lo! the rain drops are descending and now the storm lets loose its fury. In every dwelling I perceive the faces of the chambermaids as they shut down the windows, excluding the impetuous shower, and shrinking away from the quick fiery glare. The large drops descend with force upon the slated roofs, and rise again in smoke. There is a rush and roar, as of a river through the air, and muddy streams bubble majestically along the pavement, whirl their dusky foam into the kennel, and disappear beneath iron grates. Thus did Arethusa sink. I love not my station here aloft, in the midst of the tumult which I am powerless to direct or quell, with the blue lightning wrinkling on my brow, and the thunder muttering its first awful syllables in my ear. I will descend. Yet let me give another glance to the sea, where the foam breaks out in long white lines upon a broad expanse of blackness, or boils up in far distant points, like snowy mountain tops in the eddies of a flood; and let me look once more at the green plain, and little hills of the country, over which the giant of the storm is striding in robes of mist, and at the town, whose obscured and desolate streets might beseech a city of the dead: and turning a single moment to the sky, I prepare to resume my station on lower earth. But stay! A little speck of azure has widened in the western heavens; the sunbeams find a passage, and go rejoicing through the tempest; and on yonder darkest cloud, born, like hallowed hopes, of the glory of another world, and the trouble and tears of this, brightens forth the rainbow!"

Next to the discourse of the pump, we should rank 'Sunday at Home,' of which we have before spoken in these pages, Mr. Higginbotham's *Catastrophe*, 'The Gentle Boy,' and 'Little Annie's Ramble.' 'The Minister's Black Veil,' and 'The Prophetic Pictures,' are less to our fancy; but they are marked by good taste, and managed with adroitness. In short, in quiet humor, in genuine pathos, and deep feeling, and in a style equally unstudied and pure, the author of 'Twice-Told Tales' has few equals, and with perhaps one or two eminent exceptions, no superior in our country. We confidently and cordially; therefore, commend the beautiful volume before us to the attention of our readers.

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THE LIFE OF FRIEDRICH SCHILLER: Comprehending an Examination of his Works.  
In one volume. New-York: GEORGE DEARBORN AND COMPANY.

This is undoubtedly the most complete and philosophical biography of the great German poet which has yet been written in English. To use the words of Dr. FOLLEN, by whom the American edition has been edited, and than whom no one on this side of the Atlantic is better qualified for the task: 'This account of the life of Schiller is a biography, in the full sense of the word; not merely a recital of events, or a description of the peculiarities and the gradual unfolding of the personal character of the author, but chiefly a critical analysis of his works, of which the main part of *such* a life consists.'

The correction of many errors in the English edition, especially of those committed in the translations from the works of the author, made by the American editor, adds much to the value of this edition, as does likewise the entire preface, which is characterized by the critical acumen and scholarship of the learned writer. We hope that Dr. Follen may be encouraged to superintend a similar biography of the illustrious contemporary and friend of Schiller—adding to our standard libraries an adequate history of the great Goethe.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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CHEVALIER'S WORK ON THE UNITED STATES.—An attentive friend in Paris has sent us two handsome volumes, from the press of GOSSELIN, entitled 'Lettres Sur l'Amérique Du Nord: Par MICHAEL CHEVALIER.' We have perused them with more respect for the talents and researches of the author, than for his candor in many cases; though we really believe that his *intentions* were as impartial as possible. If we take from his volumes that yearning for *effect* — that solicitude for pointed contrasts — which give to French literature in general so much of its piquancy and charm; if we make due allowance for the first influences of a country upon the mind of a stranger, with a proper reflection upon the difficulty which any one, however scrutinizing and observant, must find in comprehending the social or political economy of a foreign nation — we shall readily concede to our author an honesty of purpose, not always, but in the main, accompanied with judgment; and a discerning mind, from whose impressions it is impossible not to learn something of value.

We make one translation, to show the misconceptions of M. CHEVALIER, arising from a hasty and somewhat dramatic style of observation, as well as to protest against contrasts so preposterous and unjust:

"The Yankee and the Virginian are two beings very dissimilar. They love each other but passably, and often quarrel. They are the same men who cut each other's throats in England, under the names of Cavaliers and Round Heads. In England, they have made peace, thanks to the interference of the new dynasty, which is neither Stuart nor Cromwell. In America, they would have quarrelled as they had formerly done in the mother country, had not Providence placed them, the one at the north, the other at the south, extending between them the territory which includes the middle states of Pennsylvania and New-York, with their satellites New-Jersey and Delaware.

"The Virginian of the pure blood, is open, accessible, and generous. He is courteous in his manners, noble in sentiment, and lofty in his ideas. He is the worthy descendant of the English gentleman. Surrounded, from his infancy, by slaves, who obey all his commands, he not only wants energy, but is extremely lazy. He is lavish and prodigal. Around him, and in the new states, even more than in impoverished Virginia, profusion reigns. When the cotton crop has been good, and the prices are firm, he calls all his friends and dependants, not even excepting his field hands, to enjoy his wealth, without troubling himself with considering the prospects of the next crop. The practice of hospitality is with him a duty, a pleasure, a happiness. After the manner of the eastern patriarchs, or the heroes of Homer, to entertain the guest whom accident has sent, or an old friend recommended, to him, he places an ox upon the spit; and to wash down this substantial repast, he produces his old Madeira, which has made two voyages to India, and laid twenty years in his own cellar. He loves the institutions of his country, but nevertheless will show with satisfaction to a stranger his family plate, the armorial bearings upon which are half effaced by time; attesting its descent from the first colonists, whose ancestors were of respectability in England. When his mind has been cultivated by study, and when a voyage to Europe has given grace to his form, and refinement to his imagination, there is no place in the world that he would not dignify; there is no destiny so elevated, that he might not aspire to it. He is one of those men, with whom one is happy as a companion, and one desires as a friend. Gifted with an ardent mind and a warm heart, he is the stuff of which great orators are composed. He knows better how to command men, than to conquer nature, and fertilize the soil. When he possesses a certain portion of wit and order, and of that active perseverance so common among his brethren of the North, he unites all things that are required to constitute a great statesman.

"The Yankee, on the other hand, is reserved, cautious, and distrustful. His character is thoughtful and gloomy, but uniform; his manner is ungraceful, but modest, and without vulgarity. His exterior is cold — often forbidding; his ideas are narrow, but practical; they are rather directed toward the useful than the luxurious. He has no particle of chivalry in his character, and yet he is bold and adventurous, and delights in a wandering life. He has an imagination, active and full of original conceptions, which are here called 'Yankee notions.' He is not poetical, but fantastical and odd. The Yankee is like the laborious ant; he is industrious and steady; he is economical. Upon the barren soil of New-England it amounted to meanness; transplanted to the promised land of the West, his character is subdued, and he counts his coppers with less carefulness.

"In New-England, he has a good share of prudence, but once thrown among the treasures of the west, he becomes a speculator, and even a gambler; although he has a natural horror of cards, and all games of hazard, except the innocent game of nine-pins. He is cautious, subtle, calculating, delighting in those tricks by which he overreaches a careless or confiding purchaser of his wares, be-

cause he regards them as proofs of his superior wit and talent for business. Cautious though he be, he is expeditious in his affairs, because he knows the value of time. His house is a sanctuary which is seldom violated by the stranger. He is not hospitable; or rather, he rarely dispenses his hospitality; but when he does entertain, he does it well, and liberally. He speaks without effort, and is a close logician, but not a brilliant orator.

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 "If, however, he is not a great statesman, he is a skilful manager, and a wonderful man of business. If he cannot control men, he is without his equal in the management of details; in their arrangement and placing them in train.

"There are no merchants more skilful than those of Boston. But it is as *colonist* that the Yankee is admirable above all others. Fatigue or hardship cannot conquer him. He has not, to so great a degree as the Spaniard, the power of enduring hunger or thirst; but he possesses a faculty which is far superior; that of providing in any place, and at all times, food and raiment; and of guarding against the cold, first his wife and children, and afterward himself. He lays siege to nature herself, and notwithstanding her resistance, brings her into subjection, and forces her to surrender at discretion."

Now any one at all acquainted with the provincial characteristics of our countrymen, would instantly set this picture down, as exaggerated and absurd; and we are quite sure that every liberal man among the great multitude of our southern brethren would stamp it as such at once, without hesitation. We are perfectly willing to consider that 'the honors are equal' between the two sections of the Union, with respect to sporting, speculating, and gambling, (as M. CHEVALIER chooses to call it;) and in the latter respect, we are sure we concede rather too much. However, we are willing to let that pass. There may be — there undoubtedly is — a floating class of yankees to be found in various quarters — pedlars of tin-ware, 'notions,' nutmegs, maps, books, flints, *cum multis aliis*, in various quarters of the country; and they are stigmatized by HALLECK, in his poem of Connecticut, as men on whom the Virginians look

'With some such favorable eyes  
 As Gabriel on the Devil in Paradise.'

But let the substantial *people* of New-England be seen at home. They are cautious, it is true, but hospitable, and warm-hearted; faithful to death in friendship, and chivalrous in war; (witness! ye fields of Concord, thou, Bunker Hill, and you, ensanguined Lexington, whose soil drank in the most devoted rain of blood that was ever showered for the salvation of a continent, and the welfare of millions yet to live!) Let the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers be seen and known, and we fear not the verdict which will assign them a place, superior we will not urge, but *equal*, to that of any province or commonwealth on the globe.

We should be pleased, did our limits allow, to translate sundry quotations which we have marked — among others a truly idiomatic and amusing sketch of Crockett's appearance and phraseology — and which we are sure would afford pleasure to our readers; but they will doubtless soon meet with the volumes, entirely rendered. The indiscriminate re-publication of foreign matter from the English press, and the avidity in Great-Britain for French comments upon the political and social condition of the United States, render such a result highly probable.

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CORPOREAL PUNISHMENT. — In another department of this Magazine, will be found an article descriptive of the Russian mode of inflicting corporeal punishment upon criminals. We are indebted for it to a gentlemen recently from England, who informs us that 'it was written for a Scottish annual, which was attempted at Glasgow, and which promised well, but was subsequently given up.' It will have the effect, we hope, to convince the advocates of *whipping* in the prisons of the United States — which is, after all, but a variety of the *knout* — that the practice is a species of barbarism, and that, possibly, there may be some punishment devised, a little less cruel, and more effective, than lacerating the human body by scourging. We are no advocates of a blind philanthropy; but this subject is one which has excited the attention of some of the wisest and best men of the age.

'UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN.'—This sentence is true of crowned heads generally, yet it is most particularly applicable to the citizen-king of the French, whose every movement appears to be watched by some lurking assassin. But the printed reports of the attacks on the life of LOUIS PHILIPPE have always struck us as laughable in the extreme. The minuteness of detail, the far-fetched inferences, and the tortuous ramifications of suspicion, are peculiarly *French*, and tend to distract sympathy from the *grand monarque*, whose life has just been placed in imminent peril. The following is something after the common formula: 'Last evening, at seven o'clock, another attempt was made upon the life of our beloved king, by a man named FRANÇOIS SPRIGGINS. He had for some days attracted the attention of a police agent of the third division, and the inspector-general of the interior of the chateau, by a certain daring cock of his eye, whenever any of the National Guard passed near him, and by the contemptuous manner in which his hat was placed upon the side of his head. At the moment the king passed, in his carriage, the criminal was observed to thrust his right hand into the left hand pocket of his surtout, and draw from thence a pistol, which, before it was possible for any of the by-standers to arrest his arm, he presented and fired. The ball entered the middle of the carriage window, and narrowly missed the very head of the king, who was fortunately at the moment seized with a violent attack of *sternutation*, which threw it downward with great suddenness. Instantly, persons from all sides rushed upon the culprit, and, to use an expressive English term, before he had time to vociferate 'Jacobus Robinson,' he was firmly secured, and not a little maltreated by the crowd. He was perfectly cool and self-possessed — so much so, that, turning to the first indignant citizens who had grasped his arms and legs, in the attempt to secure him, he exclaimed, 'Well?—*what of it?*' His eye, as he uttered these words, beamed with much intensity. The assassin was immediately taken to the Tuilleries, and placed in one of the lower cells, under a tripple guard of twenty-four soldiers. His clothes were at once removed from his person. They consisted of a dark-brown surtout, quite *passé*, one of the elbows of which, in particular, was very much dilapidated, as if worn by constant friction. This circumstance was noted by an officer, and may lead to a disclosure of the nature of the culprit's calling, and to the discovery of his accomplices. He had, beside, a pair of gray cloth pantaloons, much worn, with a small fissure or hole in the lower region of the backward portion, through which, previous to his being undressed, it was remarked by several persons that a dingy fragment of linen hung suspended, like a pocket-handkerchief. His waistcoat was of faded black, and exceedingly tattered, and in one of the pockets was found a single franc. In the pocket of his body-coat, the least valuable of all his garments, was found a discolored pipe, from which arose an effluvia very offensive to the examining functionary. He had four shirts upon his body, varying in hue and cleanliness, downward to the first in which he had encased himself. A pair of old boots were taken from his feet, on one of which was a blue, and on the other a white, stocking — both in very bad condition. The pistol which the culprit used, was of a medium size, with a screw rifle barrel: it was a very common weapon, with a damaged stock, and had been very slightly charged, although it made a very loud report. In the hat which he wore, and which was not found until some time after his arrest, was the name of the maker, in the Rue St. Martin. An officer immediately went to this address, when it was found that the artizan, a tall, one-eyed man, very fond of snuff, and well known to the police, had been absent from Paris for three months, but that it would be very easy to find him out. The criminal has been removed to the Conceirgerie, under a strong escort. Other important particulars will be given in the bulletin at noon. A public *affiche* may be seen at the Bourse.'

Such is a fair sample of the gossip which attends a shot at that animated target whose misfortune it is to be Monarch of the French. But, poor man! he cannot help it. As Byron would say, 'it is all owing to his bitch of a star.' He was born to trouble' when he was born to be a king.



'SPRING-TIME OF THE YEAR IS COMING!' — We had newly nibbled our gray goose-quill, to say a few words upon the season — which, as we write, is breaking upon us in the song of birds, and the glow of unclouded skies — when, in glancing over our latest London periodicals, we chanced upon the annexed, from a work in press by 'THOMAS MILLER, Basket-maker,' the delightful prose-poet of 'A Day in the Woods.' Truly, it cannot be improved; and desiring the reader to make the slight changes necessary to give the descriptions an American 'keeping,' we commend it to his affections. 'Spring,' says he, 'is come at last! There is a primrose color on the sky — there is a voice of singing in the woods, and a smell of flowers in the green lanes. Call her fickle April, if you choose; I have always found her constant as an attentive gardener. Who would wish to see her slumbering away in sunshine, when the daisies are opening their pearly mouths for showers? Her very constancy is visible in her changes: if she veils her head for a time, or retires, it is but to return with new proofs of her faithfulness, to make herself more lovable, to put on an attire of richer green, or deck her young brows with more beautiful blossoms. Call her not fickle, but modest — an abashed maiden, whose love is as faithful as the flaunting May or passionate June. Robed in green, with the tint of apple-blossoms upon her cheek, holding in her hands primroses and violets, she stands beneath the budding hawthorn, her young eyes fixed upon the tender grass, or glancing sideways at the daisies, as if afraid of looking upon the sun, of whom she is enamoured. Day after day she wears some additional charm, and the sky-god bends down his golden eyes in delight at her beauty; and if he withdraws his shining countenance, she is all tears, weeping in an April shower for his loss. Fickle Sun! He, too, soon forgets the tender maiden, clothed in her simple robes, and decorated with tender buds, and, like a rake, hurries over his blue pathway, and pines for the full-bosomed May, or the voluptuous June, forgetting April, and her sighs and tears.

'Oh! how delightful is it now to wander forth into the sweet-smelling fields; to set one's foot upon nine daisies — a sure test that spring is come; to see meadows lighted with the white flowers; to watch the sky-lark winging his way to his blue temple in the skies,

Singing above, a voice of light;

to hear the blackbird's mellow, flute-like voice ringing from some distant covert, among the young beauties of the wood, who are robing themselves for the masque of Summer.'

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MORROS.— We have somewhere seen the quotation which SCOTT appended to his acknowledgment of the authorship of the Waverly novels, cited as a happy specimen of an appropriate motto:

——— 'And must I then  
This lengthened skein unravel?'

But it seems to us scarcely more felicitous than the lines selected by the clever author of 'The Fidget Papers,' to preface the history of the 'reduced fashionable,' whose history he records in the present number of this Magazine. Let the reader remark, after perusing the article, with what entire aptitude every word of the quotation may be applied to the events narrated. *Appropos* of the 'Fidget Papers.' The author says, in a private note: 'They came to us with the effects of FRANCIS FIDGET, Esq., a gentleman recently deceased, who was an old bachelor, had seen much of the world, and recorded every thing which he deemed worthy of preservation. He was frequently solicited, during his life-time, to publish a portion of his papers; but being totally destitute of literary ambition, he refused to comply with the request of his friends. A large portion of the mss. relate to the fortunes of a family by the name of MORTHAM, whose country villa was not far from the humble residence of Mr. Fidget. This family consisted of Col. Mortham, and a lady who was his second wife, two sons, and a daughter. Of the two



sons, Albert, the elder, was an ambitious lawyer, not very generally beloved, while Walter is represented by Mr. Fidget as very amiable, and a universal favorite. Of the charms of the daughter, Emily, Mr. Fidget often spoke with a warmth unusual in an old bachelor, and many passages in his papers are devoted to her. He cannot, however, be suspected of having entertained more than a friendly affection for the beautiful girl. This explanation may prove useful to the proper understanding of some of our extracts.'

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INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY. — We have heretofore alluded to this great national work, now in progress of publication in Philadelphia, under the pictorial charge of eminent artists, and the literary supervision of Col. M'KENNEY, and Hon. JAMES HALL, of Cincinnati. The portraits, twenty in number, are from the well-known Indian Gallery in the Department of War, at Washington; and nothing can exceed the beauty of the execution and coloring of those which have been issued. In England, whither an agent for the work has gone, it is in such request, that it is found impossible to supply the demand. The subscription in London was opened by the king himself, who gave his own signature at the head of the list. In this country, it has already been taken by great numbers, and in this city, it ranks among its subscribers many of our most distinguished citizens. The price of the work — which, considering its great excellence in every department, must be deemed exceedingly small — is but six dollars a number. It will be delivered to none but those who subscribe; and the names of these, *in fac simile*, will be engraved and bound up with the 'Gallery,' when it shall be completed. Mr. FULLER, the accredited and gentlemanly agent for this publication, will remain for a limited period at the Astor-House, where subscriptions may be registered.

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THE DRAMA. — We have little in the way of novelty to chronicle in this department. POWER, as welcome as ever, has been through with his usual round of characters at the PARK, delighting crowded audiences with acting so true to nature that it can never pall upon the beholder. At the AMERICAN THEATRE, within the month, in addition to the gorgeous spectacle of 'MAZEPPA,' which has had a triumphant career, a 'young lady,' Mrs. GEORGE JONES, has made her *début* in the character of *Bianca*, in MILMAN's 'Fazio,' with entire success. On every hand, her performance, for one so new to the stage, is pronounced unexampled. The inclement weather, which prevented our attendance, we are glad to learn had little effect upon the house, which was, as usual, brimming. The NATIONAL THEATRE has passed under the direction of Mr. HACKETT, whose inimitable personations, notwithstanding other attractions, have formed the most inviting feature in the management, thus far. New and interesting pieces, however, are in preparation, in which Mr. COOKE's well known equestrian *troupe* are to be conspicuous.

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DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS. — We have derived much satisfaction from the perusal of a sensible and occasionally eloquent 'Address on the Duties of American Citizens, delivered before the Franklin Society of Saint Louis, on its second anniversary, January 7th, 1837, by CHARLES D. DRAKE.' The topics upon which it touches are, love of country, the necessity of home education, and a knowledge of the principles of a republic; the influence of demagoguism; the bad effects of a superabundant and blind national vanity, and wide-spread love of office; and the importance of a universal knowledge of the constitution. These subjects are so well reasoned, and in a style so terse and emphatic, that we doubly regret the necessity which compels us, at the late hour at which we receive the pamphlet, to limit ourselves to this brief notice of its contents, without fortifying our favorable opinions by extracts.

## LITERARY RECORD.

'SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES. — A Narrative of the Life and Adventures of CHARLES BALL, a Black Man, who lived forty years in Maryland, South Carolina, and Georgia, as a Slave, under various Masters.' Such is the title of a book of more than five hundred pages, from the press of Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR. Some very clever writer, who has read Robinson Crusoe, and caught, in no small degree, the spirit of that unsurpassed narrative, has wrought the stories of a garrulous and highly imaginative old colored man into a large volume, in which it must be admitted there is no lack of interest. Credulity, however, will be sadly tried, in various parts of this 'authentic history;' but there will be none left of consequence, we apprehend, after the reader shall have arrived at the 'full and particular account' of a horrid execution which was done upon two black men, in South Carolina, by fastening them down with their backs to the ground, in a desolate spot, where the turkey-buzzards were suffered to eat them away piecemeal! That due horrific effect may be given to this story, the amanuensis of the narrator assists the imagination of the reader, by informing him that 'buzzards and carrion-crows always attack dead bodies by pulling out and consuming the eyes first; they then tear open the bowels, and feed upon the intestines!'

THE 'NEW-YORKER.' — We take pleasure in calling public attention to the new quarto volume of this excellent journal, which has just commenced. We have perused the work from its beginning, and appreciated, we think, the great industry, talent, and good taste, which have marked its course. While it has avoided all noisy and lying boastings of its merit and success — the surest criteria of a lack of both — it has worthily obtained a strong hold upon the popular favor — a reputation, indeed, equal to that of any similar periodical in the country. The 'New-Yorker' is executed with much typographical neatness, and published by the proprietors and editors, Messrs. H. GREELEY and E. B. FISHER, at 127 Nassau-street.

'THE YOUTHFUL IMPOSTOR.' — This is a novel in two volumes, just re-published by MESSRS. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia. It is from the pen of Mr. GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS, a new candidate for literary honors. He is evidently an unpractised writer; but he understands dramatic effect, and is very expert in the effective grouping of scenes and incidents. He has so much to do with low life in London, as to induce the reader to believe that he might have passed his early years in the very heart of Alsatia. He describes well, however, and has the power of taking the reader along with him, whether he approve or condemn, as he journeys. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM, and G. AND C. CARVILL AND COMPANY.

ESSAYS OF ELIA. — A neatly-printed volume of some hundred and thirty pages, in a firm and tasteful paper cover, from the press of GEORGE DEARBORN, contains the essays of our beloved 'Elia.' Perfect creator of rich conceits — charming architect of periods! What an essayist is he! How shrewd in observation — how discriminative of the burlesque — how quaint yet melodious in diction — in expression how varied! Who ever rose from his pages without brighter thoughts and softer feelings! But we have said all this before, and would not iterate. The writings of CHARLES LAMB need no eulogist.

HIESTAND'S TRAVELS. — 'Travels in Germany, Prussia, and Switzerland, by Rev. HENRY HIESTAND: including some Account of his Early Life, Conversion, and Ministerial Labors in the United States.' Thus is denominated a volume of some two hundred open pages, 'edited by a minister of the gospel in New-York,' and recently published by Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR. We can do little more than announce the work; since candor compels us to say, that after entering upon its perusal, we found it not sufficiently inviting to induce us to accompany the author in his various journeyings.

**SARTOR RESARTUS.**—This is a collection of papers from Frazer's London Magazine, which in truth are very little to our taste. The writer walks beneath a German cloud more dense than a Scotch mist; and, in our humble estimation, the trouble of penetrating it is worth all his companionship. We cannot divest ourselves of a strong distaste to the 'peculiarities,' for which patience is invoked in the preface by some German-loving *littérateur*; and while we disclaim any intention to flatter, we must say, that, to our poor conception, Professor Teufelsdrückh is an eminent bore. But, '*Chacun à son goût.*'

**'DELICATE ATTENTIONS.'**—MESSRS. CAREY AND HART have issued, in a thin, open volume, 'Paul Pry's Delicate Attentions,' and other Tales, by the author of 'Little Pedlington.' The 'other tales,' together with the one which gives the title to the book, have already appeared in an English magazine, and have been transplanted into journals of British literature on this side of the Atlantic. It is quite unnecessary to say that they are clever, and well worth reading.

**'TRAITS AND TRIALS OF EARLY LIFE,'** is the title of a volume by Miss LONDON, from the press of MESSRS. CAREY AND HART. It is designed for the instruction and amusement of children, and consists of eleven stories, in prose and verse. They seem to us, on a cursory perusal, to be well and naturally wrought up, and to be imbued with good sentiments. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM, and the MESSRS. CARVILL.

**FALKNER.**—This novel, by Mrs. SHELLEY, author of 'Frankenstein,' has been published in one volume by the MESSRS. HARPER. We have not found leisure, at the late hour at which it reaches us, to peruse it attentively; but a portion of the London periodical press, from which good judgments and unbiassed generally proceed, pronounce it a work of a high order, and the best which the author has yet given to the public.

**'MINOR MORALS.'**—We predict for the work by JOHN BOWRING, entitled 'Minor Morals for Young People, illustrated by Tales and Travels,' recently issued from the press of MESSRS. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD, a career of great usefulness. Blending amusement with instruction, simple in style, and good in tendency, it is admirably adapted to the capacities and wants of young people.

**POLITENESS.**—MESSRS. W. MARSHALL AND COMPANY, Philadelphia, have published 'A Manual of Politeness, comprising the Principles of Etiquette, and Rules of Behavior in Genteel Society, for Persons of both Sexes.' To the true lady and gentleman, this book is unnecessary; but it may serve as a guide to very many in general society. New-York: C. SHEPPARD, Broadway.

**THE RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE, AND FAMILY MISCELLANY,** published by Mr. W. H. S. JORDAN, Boston, and conducted by Prof. E. A. ANDREWS, is entitled to a liberal patronage from the religious community. The number for March is very varied in its contents, which are well calculated not only to arrest and fix present attention, but to be productive of future moral and religious results.

**SKETCHES BY 'BOZ.'**—These sketches, illustrative of every-day life and every-day people, are a continuation of 'Watkins Tottle, and other Sketches.' They are far less attractive than the writings of the author hitherto published, and evince, what is admitted, that they are among the earliest compositions of the writer. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART: New-York: the MESSRS. CARVILL, and WILEY AND PUTNAM.

**DUNALLAN.**—MESSRS. VAN NOSTRAND AND DWIGHT have recently published 'Dunallan, or Know what you Judge,' by GRACE KENNEDY, author of 'The Decision,' 'Father Clement,' etc. This religious novel has great popularity, having gone through numerous editions. The printing of the present edition is clear, and the binding tasteful.